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WILSON IS NAMED BY BALTIMORE CONVENTION

Bryan Dictates Nomination for New Jersey Governor.

MARSHALL 2ND. PLACE

Governor of Indiana Chosen for Vice President—Wilson's Nomination Came on Forty-Sixth Ballot—Riotous Scenes Mark Convention.

On the forty-sixth ballot the Democratic national convention at Baltimore nominated Governor Wilson, of New Jersey, for President. The nomination of Wilson was a foregone conclusion from the day that the convention bowed down to Bryan, who publicly crucified Speaker Champ Clark and deserted to the New Jersey Governor. At that stage Clark was leading with a wide margin over Wilson and with more than a majority of the convention steadily voting for him. To regain control of the party, after having been defeated for temporary chairman, Bryan took the platform and violating his instructions from his home State of Nebraska, deserted Clark, branded him as a tool of Wall Street and then declared his intention to vote for Wilson. From that moment the convention was in Bryan's grasp. He declared that Wilson should be nominated. He refused to listen to any compromise, although pretending to be desirous of party harmony. He played for an opening which would give him the chance to spring his own name before the convention, but when he saw that his plans were so well understood he shifted to Wilson and forced the latter's nomination.

Bryan ruled the convention, but he did so at the expense of the worst public lashing of his entire career. For several days Bryan had insulted the New York delegation. He cut loose from old-time friends and denounced everybody from New York as Wall Street tools and agents of the money trusts. He was moved to these attacks by personal pique over the fact that some of the New York delegation believed that the party had already suffered from too much Bryan. Finally John B. Stanchfield, of the New York delegation, who voted for Wilson, took the floor and denounced Bryan as a "money grabbing, selfish, office seeking, favor hunting marplot." Bryan flushed while Stanchfield nailed him. His face became livid and he fairly burned up with anger and hatred.

There was almost a riot in the convention when Clark's friends carried into the hall a huge banner bearing this tribute by Bryan to Clark in 1910:

"I have known Champ Clark for 18 years. He is absolutely incorruptible and his life is above reproach. Never in all these years have I known him to be upon but one side of the question, and that was the side that represented the people."

Bryan was thrown into a rage by this rebuke at the hands of Clark's home delegation from Missouri. It clearly showed his inconsistency in deserting and denouncing Clark and the exposure made him fairly shake with rage.

While the Republican convention at Chicago was justly denounced for some of its acts of rowdism, the Baltimore convention will go down in history as being without a parallel for disgusting and disorderly scenes. Rioting marked many of the sessions. Fist fights on the floor were not uncommon and the epithets hurled by delegates at one another were in keeping with the spirit underlying all that was done. Capping the climax was the public announcement that a friend of Governor Wilson had pledged \$5000 with which to pay hotel bills for all delegates who were willing to vote for Wilson. Many delegates, tired out and disgusted by the prolonging of the convention and the daily increasing hotel bills, were threatening to quit and go home. The pledging of the \$5000 fund was to keep them in line.

Governor Thomas R. Marshall, of Indiana, was nominated for Vice President. He led from the start on the voting for second place and soon carried off the honors by acclamation.

Speaker Clark's Comment.

Speaker Champ Clark, commenting on Wilson's nomination for President, stated that he would loyally support the ticket, Clark continued:

"I lost the nomination solely through the vile and malicious slanders of William Jennings Bryan. True these slanders were by innuendo and insinuation, but they were no less deadly for that reason."

May Squire W. P. Harpster, of Houtdale enjoy a glorious Fourth of July. We received your letter, Squire.

TOWNSHIPS GET BONUS

Will Receive Money From State for Abolishing Work Tax.

Drawing of warrants for the distribution of a quarter-million dollars among townships of Pennsylvania which abolished work tax and collected their road taxes in cash was begun at the State Highway Department on Monday, but such a large amount of clerical work is required that it will be weeks before the money is paid out to the hundreds of boards of supervisors which will receive it. Highway Commissioner E. M. Bigelow has been fortified with an opinion from the Attorney General as to the payment that such townships as collect their taxes in cash and file reports are entitled to share in the distribution.

The last Legislature made an appropriation of \$500,000 for this object and half of it is available. "There is no indication," says the opinion given by the Attorney General on the subject, "that the Legislature intended that townships which had collected their road taxes in cash during the year 1912 should be deprived of their share of the bonus provided by the act of 1911." Each township will receive a bonus of 50 per cent. of the amount of cash road tax collected. The money is to be used for improvement of roads by the supervisors.

In Allegheny, Montgomery, Chester, Delaware and some of the other counties which have taken advanced position in regard to road improvements practically every township comes within the class obtaining the bonus.

No Paper Next Week.

"The Republican" issues its regular edition this week in order to properly care for certain legal advertising in our columns. Ordinarily we would observe the custom of issuing no edition during the week of the Fourth of July. There will be no issue of "The Republican" next week. All correspondents are kindly requested to keep this in mind and send no news letters until the following week. The next edition of "The Republican" will be issued on Thursday, July 18. Our office will be open all of next week for job printing and the transaction of general business.

Big Sale of Horses.

Edward Hugler, who has conducted a number of sales of western horses in Bellefonte, will hold an extensive sale of Montana range horses and mares, from two to five years old, at the Haag Hotel stables on Saturday, July 6th, at 12.30 o'clock. The cars are scheduled to arrive in Bellefonte today. Mr. Hugler announces that the horses are well broke and of good color. It is expected that the sale will attract a large crowd of horsemen and farmers.

Autoed to Bellefonte.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis F. Widmann and two children, Miss Frances Swope and the Misses Georgie and Claire Herr took a delightful auto trip to Bellefonte on Sunday. Miss Swope remained at that place, where she will continue her duties as a nurse in the Bellefonte hospital, which she relinquished to come here to care for her uncle, the late Rudolph Widmann, during his illness. The others comprising the party returned to this city Sunday evening.—Lock Haven Express.

Nominations Sustained.

The Dauphin County Court, in an opinion handed down on Monday by President Judge George Kunkel, dismissed the equity proceedings in which the Court was asked to restrain Secretary of the Commonwealth McAfee from certifying to the nomination of candidates for Auditor General to be elected next November.

The local Court decided that Auditor General Sisson's term expires next May, and that this year's nominations for Auditor General are lawful.

Now After the Weeds.

Some persons might not know it, but Bellefonte Council is on the war path for weeds. Complaint was recently filed with Council that owners of vacant lots were not cutting down weeds, which are now approaching the seeding time. Council, after some deliberation, decided that weeds might be classed as a nuisance and directed that lot owners be so notified. Those failing to heed the notice will receive a bill from the borough for cutting the weeds.

Hospital Notes.

Operations—Mrs. Mary Dukeman, Curtin; Mrs. Elizabeth McSoley, Bellefonte; Miss Elizabeth Bloom, State College; Mrs. Armilla Heberling, State College; Mrs. Mary McClellan, Unionville; Mrs. Hattie Witmer, Hunters Park.

Admitted for treatment—George Morrison, Altoona; Miss Kate Bathurst, Curtin; Mrs. Della Lucas, Milesburg. 30 patients now in the Hospital.

COURT RULES IN CASE TIED UP FOR 18 YEARS

During Litigation Costs Exceed Original Amount Involved.

MR. ROCKEY WINS OUT

Judge Orvis Directs Judgment Against Captain Fryberger, of Phillipsburg, to Whom Case Was Assigned by Relative Now Dead.

A lawsuit which has been in the courts for the last eighteen years, and in which the costs piled up to an amount considerably in excess of that originally at stake, was finally terminated last week when Judge Orvis reversed the findings of the master and directed that judgment be entered for the defendant, William F. Rockey, the huckster, of Tusseyville. Originally the plaintiff was George Campbell, of Milesburg. Before the latter's death he assigned the case to Captain C. T. Fryberger, of Phillipsburg, a relative. The ruling by Judge Orvis is against Captain Fryberger.

The case is especially interesting in view of the number of judges and lawyers figuring in it and most of whom died before the litigation was brought to a close. Judges Furst and Love, before whom the matter was taken both died before the case could be concluded. The late Colonel W. F. Reeder was the first counsel for Mr. Rockey, who subsequently engaged the late J. C. Meyer. The late Colonel E. R. Chambers also figured as counsel for Mr. Rockey. At the termination of the case the plaintiff was represented by J. Thomas Mitchell, while Mr. Rockey's lawyers at the finish were W. G. Runkle and Charles F. Hewes, the latter of Erie. Two masters also figured in the proceedings. The late John Rankin was the first master. After his death, Harry Keller was appointed to hear the proceedings.

Back in 1894 George Campbell brought suit against Mr. Rockey for commissions due him for sales made by him as agent. He contended that he was working under contract. This Mr. Rockey disputed, although he admitted that there was a verbal understanding covering commissions on sales. The amount of the claim filed was disputed. The late John Rankin was named as master to hear the case. He died before filing a report, and Harry Keller was named. The case was instituted before the late Judge Furst. Following the latter's death it was brought before the late Judge Love. With the death of the latter the case automatically came before Judge Orvis.

Harry Keller, as master, finally submitted a report, finding in favor of the plaintiff, who by this time was Captain Fryberger. The finding was appealed. Judge Orvis, before whom the appeal was argued, set aside the finding of the master and directed that judgment be entered for the defendant.

Several other cases were disposed of by Judge Orvis. That of T. H. Harter, of Loganton, the well known lumberman, against Nathan, Emeline, Roy and Elmer Hough, of Miles township, for trespass, was decided in favor of Mr. Harter. Originally the jury in the case brought in a verdict for Mr. Harter for \$244. The defendants appealed. The plaintiff asked that the verdict be doubled, the law giving him the privilege of asking that a verdict in such a case be doubled or tripled. Judge Orvis in his opinion refused to strike off the verdict, as asked for by the defendants, and directed that the verdict be doubled for the plaintiff, making the amount \$488 instead of \$244.

In the case of W. H. Johnsonbaugh vs. M. S. Betz and Gabriel Betz, Judge Orvis refused a new trial and directed that judgment for \$102 be entered for the plaintiff. This suit was brought against the defendants for lumber sold and delivered and over payment for which there was some dispute. The jury rendered a verdict for the plaintiff for \$102. The appeal was dismissed, Judge Orvis finding for the plaintiff.

In the case of Alfred Cherry vs. W. G. Runkle, administrator for Catherine Harper, a new trial was granted.

A rule to open judgment was made by Judge Orvis in the case of William Witmer vs. John and Samuel Garner.

Building Additional Warehouse.

Work has been started on an additional warehouse for the Pennsylvania Match Company. It will be built of brick and will be of one story, 41x127, equipped with the most modern apparatus for protection from fire.

Max Bickford, of Lock Haven, who has lots of friends in Bellefonte, will next fall enter Yale.

COUNCIL SAYS 30 DAYS ON TELEPHONE POLES

Borough Issues Ultimatum to Bell Company to Take Action.

MAY MEAN CONDUITS

Should Company Refuse to Remove Three Poles From West High Street Movement Will be Agitated to Put all Wires Under Ground.

The two unsightly telephone poles in front of the Bush House and that in front of the Potter-Hoy Hardware Company have exactly thirty days in which to find a new location. Bellefonte Council, at its meeting on Monday night, issued the ultimatum to the Bell Telephone Company. Dr. J. M. Brockerhoff, of the Street Committee, offered a resolution that the company be notified to remove the three poles from High Street within the next thirty days. Council seemed glad for the opportunity to vote on the question. Not a dissenting vote was cast, the resolution was declared adopted and the secretary, William Kelly, was directed to so notify the Bell people.

It will be recalled that these three poles have for some time been figuring in negotiations between Council's Street Committee and the Bell Company. At one time it was supposed that everything had been satisfactorily arranged and that the three poles would be shunted off to side streets or alleys. This was before the Bush House concrete sidewalks were put down. When the Bell company allowed the matter to drift until the concrete walks were down and the High Street brick paving was completed, most persons, also the Bell people, thought the incident closed.

The Street Committee of Council, however, refused to back down. The mammoth pole at the Potter-Hoy Hardware Company is a disgrace to the street, and Council is determined to have it removed. Monday night's action brings the matter to a head and with the expiration of the time limit specified in the resolution it will be known whether the borough has any rights in the matter.

It is barely possible that the delay by the Bell company in removing the three poles in High Street complained of will lead to agitation and action by Council for the removal of all poles within the borough limits. Some of the members of Council are at present strongly in favor of conduits for both the Bell and the Commercial companies. Should the Bell company lock horns on the question at issue it is entirely likely that Council will follow with a peremptory order for removal of all poles or an ordinance taxing every pole in the borough.

Scarcity of Water.

Owing to a broken pump at the Phoenix station, the daily supply in the reservoir has been far below normal for some time past. The parts with which to repair the pump have been ordered and should have been received here ten days ago. They are expected any day. Until the pump is repaired the Water Committee of Council requests citizens to refrain from sprinkling streets as much as possible.

Veteran Railroader Retired.

Major John R. Gordon of Altoona, the oldest clerk in point of service in the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, was retired on pension on Monday, last. He is 70 years of age and went with the company when a lad of 14 years. He was quartermaster general on the staff of General Beaver.

Sandy Ridge Celebrates.

Sandy Ridge is today celebrating the Fourth of July with an old-fashioned program of amusements. Let the eagle scream and may our good friends in that bustling town have the time of their lives.

Judge Orlady Honored.

Superior Court Judge George B. Orlady, of Huntingdon, who is well and favorably known in Bellefonte, was on last Thursday honored with an election as President of the State Bar Association, at its annual meeting at Cape May.

John Blanchard Reappointed.

John Blanchard was on Monday reappointed a member of the Bellefonte Board of Health, the term being for five years. Thus far no appointment has been made to the vacancy caused by the death of the late Captain Samuel H. Williams.

Resides Reunion.

The annual reunion of the Resides families will be held on July 27 at Hunter's Park.

BACK BROKEN BY FALL

Kinney Osman, of State College, May Die; Was Picking Cherries.

While picking cherries early Wednesday morning, Kinney Osman, of State College, fell from a tree to the ground, a distance of about 15 feet sustaining injuries which it is feared will prove fatal. His spine was fractured between the shoulder blades. His body is paralyzed from the arms down. Mr. Osman is about 55 or 60 years old.

The accident happened suddenly and without the slightest warning. Shortly after 6 o'clock Mr. Osman started to pick cherries from a tree at his home, which is located in State College borough. Overestimating the strength of a limb of the tree he attempted to reach out for some cherries. The limb gave way and he fell heavily to the ground.

As quickly as possible the injured man was carried into his home and Dr. P. H. Dale, of State College, was summoned. A hasty examination revealed that Mr. Osman's back was broken and his body paralyzed. Owing to the serious character of his injuries no attempt was made to remove him to the hospital in Bellefonte.

Important Fair Ruling.

Judge Whitehead at Williamsport on Monday handed down a decision in the case brought against Lycoming county for the payment of \$100 to the Muncy Valley Farmers' club, the promoters of the Hughesville fair. The club brought an action against the county commissioners to recover this amount which they claimed was due them for the year 1907, according to the act of assembly requiring county commissioners to pay to farmers' clubs \$100 annually to be used by them for the dissemination of agricultural knowledge. The members of the club must, however, subscribe an equal amount for this purpose. The court found that while the club did subscribe this amount of money it was used for improvements to the fairgrounds, more particularly for the erection of a new fence, and consequently entered decree in favor of the county.

Taylor Paid \$2000.

Contractor R. B. Taylor this week received \$2000, a payment on account by the borough for the brick paving and concrete curbing in West High Street. The work has been dragging along for a year and President Keller, of Council, supported by John S. Walker, argued that the contractor should not be compelled to wait indefinitely for his money. Taylor's bill was for \$2669.00. It was decided to make a payment of \$2000, holding the balance to secure the borough until the work is finally inspected and formally accepted. Two-thirds of the bill for street paving will be charged by the borough to abating property owners.

Raising Fawn From Bottle.

State Forest rangers who have been working in the vicinity of Lamar, found a two-weeks' old fawn in the woods a few days ago, and caught the young animal and took it to the home of John Smith, where it is being fed on a bottle and tenderly cared for, says the Lock Haven Democrat. What had become of the mother deer is unknown, but is supposed it was run to death by dogs while the fawn escaped. The little animal is a beauty and has already become a highly prized pet at the Smith home.

Carried from Burning Building.

Fire on Saturday evening gutted the Abraham Robb home, at Coleville. The flames originated in the lower part of the house. Mrs. Yarnell, an aged lady, was ill in a second floor room at the time. She was rescued by being carried out through a second story window.

Rush Twp. Board Organized.

The Rush Township School Board on Monday organized for the coming year with the election of the following officers: Fred Eisenhauser, president; Hugh More, vice president; Charles Plank, secretary, and William Heffren, treasurer.

Centre County Fair.

The annual Centre County fair will this year be held September 3-6, or one month earlier than in previous years. By adopting this plan the managers hope to secure the best to be had in the line of racing.

Stallion Bit Off Owner's Finger.

George Bitner, who lives near Beech Creek, had a finger of his right hand bitten completely off by a stallion on Wednesday of last week. He was taken to the Lock Haven hospital, where the injury was dressed.

Admitted to Hospital.

Mrs. Jennie Grand, of Monmouth, was on Monday admitted to the Lock Haven hospital for medical treatment.

FARMER'S HOME BURNED CASH ALSO DESTROYED

Jerry Roan, of Buffalo Run, Lost Property and Contents.

\$70 IN MONEY, ALSO

Men at Work in Harvest Field When Flames Were Discovered—Several Notes, Insurance Policies and Other Papers in the Ruins.

The home of Jerry Roan, on Buffalo Run, near the Myers cemetery, was completely destroyed by fire on Saturday afternoon. The contents of the house, including \$70 or \$80 in money, were burned. The house was occupied by Mr. Roan and the family of his son-in-law, John Kelly. The loss is upward of \$2000, with but \$600 insurance.

Mr. Roan and Mr. Kelly were out in the harvest fields when the fire was discovered. It is supposed that the trouble was caused by a defective stove. The women of the household were alone at the time and did not know of the fire until the flames had gained considerable headway. They quickly sounded an alarm, but the fire had such a start that little or nothing could be done.

When they learned of the blaze Mr. Roan and Mr. Kelly hurried back from the fields, but they were too late to render much assistance. The money referred to was in a second-floor room, which by that time was completely filled with flames and smoke. There was no possible chance to secure it without endangering the lives of those entering the house. In addition to the money several notes, insurance policies and other papers belonging to Mr. Roan were burned.

For Good Roads.

President Taft, Gov. Woodrow Wilson, Brig. Gen. Bixby, chief of engineers of the army, and John C. Black, president of the Civil Service Commission, are among the speakers who have promised to address the American Road Congress in Atlantic City September 30-October 6. The American Association for Highway Improvement, the American Automobile Association and numerous affiliated bodies of road builders and users, will be represented.

"It will be the largest convention of the sort ever held in this country," said Logan W. Page, chief of the government's good roads bureau, "and the exhibition of road building machinery will be the finest ever brought together."

Young Minister Weds.

Rev. G. E. Smith, pastor of the Houserville charge of the United Brethren church, and Miss Bertha Dale, of Houserville, were married at Johnstown on Wednesday, June 26th. Mr. Smith is one of Centre County's most progressive young ministers. His bride is a popular young lady and is well qualified to grace her new home. The young couple have many friends who extend congratulations and best wishes.

Pure Food Prosecutions.

According to the report of the state dairy and food department for the month of June 37 prosecutions were ordered, as follows: Sausage, 1; ice cream, 4; vinegar, 7; oleo, 11; non-alcoholic drinks, 16; foodstuffs, 37; cream and milk, 61. Prosecutions on foodstuffs, cream and milk were brought in more than a dozen counties.

Important B. & L. Ruling.

Deputy Attorney General W. N. Trinkle has given an opinion to State Banking Commissioner William H. Smith, at Harrisburg, to the effect that the laws do not permit the cashier of a State bank to act as the treasurer of a building and loan association.

Marriage Licenses.

Register Frank C. Smith has issued the following marriage licenses: T. S. VanBoskirk, Northumberland; Susan E. Shope, Bellefonte; Walter E. Holt, Moshannon; Rosey J. Fye, Moshannon.

Ewing-Evey.

Wednesday morning, June 19th., at the Reformed parsonage, Orvis C. Ewing, of State College, and Miss Ethel B. Evey, of Lemont, were married by the Rev. Dr. Ambrose M. Schmidt.

Water Motor For Sale.

A Backus Water Motor for sale at this office. Is 33 inches in diameter and is in first-class condition. Can be seen in operation at any time. Call or inquire at "The Republican" office, Bellefonte, Pa.

Reduced to an Absurdity

A Lady's Part In an Affair of Honor

By ISABEL MORTON

One afternoon toward the close of the seventeenth century a young lady was sitting in the garden in the rear of her home in New Orleans when a negro came from the house bearing a silver salver on which lay a sealed note.

"Mlle. Therese, can you tell me where I can find Marse George?" asked the boy.

Instead of replying, the girl took the missive from the salver and looked it over, especially examining the handwriting in which the address was written.

"Who brought it?" she asked.

"A cull'd boy."

"Whose boy?"

"I spec he belongs to Marse Winston."

Mars' Winston was the intimate friend of Clarence Warfield, and Clarence Warfield had been attentive to the young lady who was inspecting the note. George Carnoux, her twin brother, was so wrapped up in his sister that the idea of her marrying any one was abhorrent to him. He said that he would be perfectly willing she should marry provided the man of her choice was good enough for her, but that man had not yet appeared. Mlle. Carnoux, from the opposition her brother had shown to the attentions Warfield had paid her, suspected that her brother had insulted the latter, and this was a challenge. But she could not understand, if such it were, why Louis Winston should not have brought so important a communication himself instead of sending it by a slave.

"I will go and see if I can find him," she said to the servant. "Let the boy wait."

She went into the house and up to her room, taking the note with her. Her brother was not at home, and she had little fear of interruption in what she was about to do. Sifting the paper about the seal, envelopes were not then used, she read the note. It was, as she suspected, a challenge Warfield had sent through Winston, who explained his sending it by a slave because if he called himself Mlle. Carnoux might suspect the object of his visit. Winston said Warfield hoped that Carnoux would withdraw the language he had used that morning, for he considered the affair very unfortunate, and it should be amicably settled.

Mlle. Carnoux knew her brother too well to believe that he would withdraw anything he had said in the face of a challenge. She sat with the letter in her hand for a long while revolving plans in her head for preventing the meeting. She loved Warfield, and her affection for her brother was of that strength that is natural between twins. At last she came to a conclusion. Taking from a cabinet a bundle of her brother's letters, she replied to the note in his name, imitating his handwriting, appointing for the meeting the next morning at 5 o'clock in the wood near the city, where most duels were fought. Then, sealing her note with wax, she called a servant and told him to give it to the boy.

When George Carnoux came in an hour later he found his sister waiting for him expectantly. She told him that word had come from a plantation owned by the Carnoux family that the levee on its border showed signs of breaking and his presence was needed there at once.

Now, Carnoux was not well pleased at this news since he expected a visit from some friend of Warfield's, whom he had insulted that morning. But on asking if any gentleman had called to see him and being assured that there had not, he reluctantly mounted a horse and rode away, leaving orders that any one calling was to receive an explanation of his absence and be told that he would return just as soon as he could secure the safety of the plantation.

Mlle. Therese, who had sent her brother away on a fool's errand, knew that he could not go to the plantation and return before the next day was half spent. As soon as he had gone, having eliminated him temporarily from the problem, she gave herself up to thought as to what she should do further. While George was of an excitable disposition and a fiery temper, Therese had the advantage of him in coolness, and she possessed more physical strength. Indeed, though George was by no means effeminate, every one said that Therese should have been the boy instead of her brother. She was a trifle heavier in build and was half an inch taller.

Evening came and she had formed no plan, but at the hour when the cafes were crowded an idea got into her head that accorded rather with the nature of a man than that of a woman. Going to her brother's room, she selected a suit of his clothes and put it on, concealing her feminine figure by donning a large overcoat with a long cape that covered her hips. It was not needed for warmth, but was very efficient as a disguise. Having thus arrayed herself, she watched for an opportunity to escape from the house unobserved, but stumbled on Uncle Jake, an old dandy, who started when he saw her.

"Po de Lo'd, Marse George, I thought yo'd gone to de plantation! Yo' balnt yo' own ghost nobow, are yo'?"

Mars' George pushed by the old man, saying that he was in a hurry, leaving him gaping, and, entering upon the street, strolled toward the gayest part of the city.

When morning dawned Clarence Warfield, accompanied by his second, Winston, drove into the wood where the meeting was to take place. No one was there. Winston pulled his watch from his fob and remarked that it was still five minutes of the hour appointed. The two men paced back and forth together, for the morning was chilly. While thus engaged they heard the sound of carriage wheels, and Winston remarked, "Here they come, they're on the minute."

What was their surprise to see three gentlemen alight from the carriage whom they did not know, one with a pair of rapiers in the hollow of his arm, another having a wooden case. The three on seeing Warfield and his second looked equally astonished.

"Gentlemen," said the man with the fobs, "I presume we have both come for a similar purpose, but fortunately there is plenty of room for all."

"We presumed that your carriage contained the other half of our party," said Warfield, looking at his timepiece. "It is a few minutes past our appointed time. We were to meet at 5 o'clock."

"And was our hour."

"Indeed. Strange that two affairs should have been arranged for the same hour at the same place."

The last words were scarcely spoken when another carriage drove up and out stepped a third party, unknown to the other two. All three of the different sets looked at one another in amazement.

"There is something singular about all this," said Winston. Then, turning to one of the party who were second on the ground, he asked:

"Would you mind informing me, sir, of the name of the man you are to meet?"

The other handed the inquirer a card bearing the name of George Carnoux. Winston and his principal looked at it in added astonishment.

"And you?" said Winston, turning to the third party, who produced a card bearing the same name as the other.

As soon as Warfield could regain his tongue he asked both parties if they had long known Mr. Carnoux and received a reply that they had met him only the evening before, where both principals admitted that they had been grossly insulted by him.

Warfield and his second looked at each other puzzled. What could it mean? Carnoux was a fiery fellow, but a gentleman who would not be likely to insult any one. Could it be that his courage had failed him and in order to prevent one duel he had taken upon himself two more?

"What kind of a looking person was the man who insulted you?" asked Winston of the others. They described Carnoux. "It must be so," said Warfield to his second. Then to the others: "Gentlemen, you may as well return to the city. The man who insulted you did so, doubtless, to escape a meeting with me. I sent him a challenge yesterday afternoon and received a reply directly from him appointing the meeting with me here this morning."

At that juncture more wheels were heard, and another carriage rolled into the wood. All eyes were turned toward it eager to see who would alight, all suspecting that a new person who had been insulted the night before was coming to receive satisfaction. To the astonishment of all three parties, out stepped a lady—a lady whom Warfield and his second recognized at once as Therese Carnoux.

"What does this mean, you coward?" thundered one of the principals. "Do you come here to shield yourself under a woman's skirts?"

"Please explain, sir," said Therese haughtily.

The man referred to the insult of the evening before.

"George Carnoux is my brother," replied Therese, "and he could not have insulted you, because he went yesterday afternoon to our plantation, fifty miles away."

"There is some trick here!" cried the other furiously. Warfield interrupted him.

"You came here to meet this lady's brother. One disrespectful word to her and you will have an opportunity to settle the matter with me."

The three parties glared at one another for a few moments; then both the second and third parties to arrive bowed for their carriages and drove away. They had scarcely gone when a fourth carriage came hurrying on, then stopped, and out jumped George Carnoux. Seeing his sister, he exclaimed reproachfully:

"Therese, what have you done? You have sought to disgrace me."

"Brother, you must make the best of all this. I am engaged to Clarence Warfield and command you to make it all up with him."

"I beg of you to do so," said Warfield, advancing, with outstretched hand. Carnoux hesitated, then took the proffered hand.

"But what does it all mean?" he asked of his sister.

"I received the challenge intended for you, replied to it in your name, sent you off to get you out of the way, went out dressed in your apparel, complicated matters by insulting persons in your name and came here to exonerate you."

"What a mad freak!"

"You returned sooner than I expected."

"I met a man from the plantation who told me that there was no danger from the levee."

"And now, gentlemen," said Therese, "since this affair has been brought to the reductio ad absurdum come home with me and we will have some breakfast."

Germs Spread in Skin

Eczema, Psoriasis and other skin troubles are caused by myriads of germs at work in the skin. Unless these germs are promptly destroyed they rapidly multiply, gnawing their way deep into the sensitive tissue. This is what causes that awful itch, and what seems to be mere rash may grow worse and develop into a loathsome and torturing skin disease with its years of misery.

Don't take any chances! Destroy the germs at the beginning of the trouble with that soothing and cleansing wash, the D. D. D. Prescription for Eczema. A 25c bottle will prove this to you.

GREEN'S PHARMACY CO.

We have had experience with many remedies for skin trouble but have never seen such remarkable cures as those from D. D. D. Prescription. Instant relief from the very first application.

We are so confident that D. D. D. will reach your case that it will cost you nothing if the very first full size bottle fails to make good every claim.

If you have skin trouble of any kind, we certainly advise you to drop in and investigate the merits of D. D. D. anyway. We know that D. D. D. will help you.

SHADOW PICTURES.

Photographs That Can Be Made by the Aid of a Magnet.

It is possible to produce, with the aid of a magnet, shadow photographs resembling those made by action of the X ray. Either an electromagnet or a permanent magnet will answer the purpose.

Place a key or other iron or steel object on the sensitive film of an ordinary photographic plate, then bring the poles of the magnet near the other side of the plate and keep them there for five minutes or more. Upon developing the plate a shadow picture of the key or other object, as sharp and well defined as any of the X ray pictures will be found.

By this method only iron or steel or other paramagnetic substances may be photographed, but the sensitive side of the plate is turned toward the magnetic poles and a disk of iron nearly as large as the plate is placed on the other side then shadow pictures of any nonmagnetic objects, placed on the sensitive film facing the magnet, may be obtained. The operations are, of course, conducted in a dark room.

With an electromagnet capable of lifting a weight of 100 pounds one scientist has made such pictures through two inches of interposed wood. He has also obtained shadow pictures with a compound steel magnet weighing little more than a pound.—New York Tribune.

ORIGIN OF "BLACKIES."

The Term Came From Race Track Man Who Wore Black Top Boots.

The term blackie, which has come to mean one who systematically tries to win money by cheating in connection with races or with cards, billiards or other games of skill or chance and is used as synonymous with a swindler, a wheeler, is of uncertain origin. Some authorities connect it with the black legs of a gamecock, so named by the sporting fraternity for betting purposes.

According to another and more probable view, the expression had no disgraceful cause attached to it at first, but was applied to turf and sporting men because they were often in the habit of wearing black top boots. When betting had thus become a current phrase for professional sporting men it probably passed into use as applied more particularly to those who took an unfair advantage of their opportunities to cheat the unwary.

The derivation of this term was once solemnly argued before the full court of queen's bench upon a motion for a new trial for libel, but that learned tribunal was unable to decide its origin.—London Standard.

The Bitter End.

You have probably often heard a person say "I will follow it to the bitter end" or something to that effect, but very few persons know that this is a nautical term and is borrowed from a ship's cable. If you have ever been on a big ship you must have noticed two big pieces of wood sticking up out of the deck forward, alongside each other. They sometimes have a windlass between them, and they are used to secure the cable that goes to the anchor. These pieces of wood are called the bitts. When the ship comes to anchor and the cable is paid out all that part of it which is abaft or behind the bitts is called the bitter end of the cable. In a storm or in poor holding ground for anchors the more cable that is paid out the better the anchor will hold, and when the captain is at all doubtful he pays out his cable to the bitter end sooner than risk any harm to his ship.—New York Press.

Animal Ink.

Along the rocky shores of New England is much indelible ink. It is better than any that can be bought—a beautiful crimson in color and when applied to fabrics absolutely unchangeable. This ink is contained in little bottles put up by Nature herself, the receptacles in question being certain whelks, or sea snails, of the species known to science as *Purpura lapillus*. If the shell of one of these whelks be broken there will be found just under the skin of the back a slender whitish vein containing a yellow liquor. The latter when applied to linen with a small brush and exposed to the sun turns first green, then blue, then purple and finally a brilliant crimson. Nothing will wash it out.

The Needle's Eye.

Kathryn, aged five, was vainly trying to thread a needle. "Mamma," she asked, "don't they call a hole in a needle an eye?"

"Yes, dear," answered her mother.

"Well," continued the little miss, "I'll bet this old needle is cross eyed."

Again Our Queer Language.

"Queer language, isn't it?"

"Why so?"

"Because of sickness I had to send my shorthand writer home yesterday."

"Well?"

"That left me shorthanded."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

An Optimist.

The late W. Bayard Cutting, said a member of the Century club of New York, was an optimist himself and a firm believer in optimism.

Once during a disastrous strike he rebuked my pessimism with a story.

"A Mississippi farmer," he said, "was inundated by the spring floods, and one day while his farm was under water a friend found him laughing and joking in a barber shop."

"George," said the friend, "the flood's hit you terrible, hasn't it?"

"Oh, yes," answered the farmer, "the flood's hit me, there's no denying that." Then he smiled and added: "But out in my wheatfield this morning I landed eight of the finest catfish Mississippi ever turned out. We had 'em fried for breakfast, with waffles. Friends, can you beat catfish and waffles to begin a cheerful, optimistic day on?"—Washington Star.

Curran's Wit.

Lundy Foot, the tobaccoist, applied to John Curran for a motto when he first established his carriage. "My dear Curran," said he, "give me one of a serious cast, because I am afraid the people will laugh at the idea of a tobaccoist setting up a carriage, and, for the scholarship's sake, let it be in Latin."

"I have just hit on it," said Curran. "It is only two words, and it will at once explain your profession, your elevation and your contempt for their ridicule. It has the further advantage of being in two languages, Latin or English, just as the reader chooses. Put up 'Quid rides' upon your carriage." As English the words speak for themselves, and "Quid" for the tobacco dealer is pat and clever. Read as Latin the two words put this interrogation, "Why do you laugh?"—Boston Post.

The Ball and the Bird.

In the American Magazine Hugh S. Fullerton, writing an article on freak plays in baseball, tells about a team once managed in Chicago by Jimmy Callahan. This team was called the Logan Squares. The Logan Squares played a game with a famous colored team called the Leland Giants. Fullerton goes on: "In this game, which was to decide the city pennant championship, a freak play occurred that helped the Leland Giants to win. A batted ball that was going safe over the head of the second baseman struck an English sparrow, killed the bird and fell directly in front of the baseman, who threw the runner out and saved the game. If you doubt this Callahan will show you the bird, which he had mounted to keep as a souvenir of what hard luck may do to a ball club."

Got Them All.

The doctor told him he needed carbohydrates, proteins and, above all, something nitrogenous. The doctor mentioned a long list of foods for him to eat. He staggered out and wobbled to a restaurant.

"How about beefsteak?" he asked the waiter. "Is that nitrogenous?" The waiter didn't know.

"Are fried potatoes rich in carbohydrates or not?"

The waiter couldn't say.

"Well, I'll fix it," declared the poor man in despair. "Bring me a large plate of hash."—Washington Herald.

She Paid on the Investment.

"Here," complained the aggrieved father, "I have spent nearly \$15,000 on that girl's education, and now she goes and marries a \$2,500 a year clerk."

"Well," said the friend of the family, "isn't that all of 15 per cent on your investment? What more do you want?"

Always on the Job.

"No, Mr. Rogerson, I cannot be your wife."

(Quickly recovering himself.) "Well, that ends it. May I ask you, Miss Lodeima, if you are carrying all the life insurance you want?"—Chicago Tribune.

Stingy.

Mother—Did you have a good time at the party? Willie—Naw. I said no when they asked me to have some more ice cream, and the stingy things never asked me again.—Philadelphia Record.

Courage.

Help us with the grace of courage that we may be none of us cast down when we sit lamenting over the ruins of our own happiness.—Stevenson.

The Height of Folly.

A woman is foolish to marry a man for his money, but then the man is twice as foolish to let her.—Detroit Free Press.

Regardless of Microbes.

"She has the prettiest mouth in all the world."

"Oh, I don't know! I'd put mine up against it any time."—Exchange.

Spend no strength in worry. You need it all for duty.—Anon.

SEALED PROPOSALS.

COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA.

STATE HIGHWAY DEPARTMENT.

HARRISBURG, PA.

Sealed proposals will be received at the office of the State Highway Department in the Capitol Building, Harrisburg, Pa., until ten o'clock on the morning of July 8th, 1912, when bids will be publicly opened and scheduled for the reconstruction of 10,750 lineal feet of asphaltic bituminous macadam road, (penetration method) 10 feet wide, situated as follows: From end of present contract, Station 5100, near the property of Mr. Stinson, to the south borough line of Chester Hill on Route 5, between Osceola and Phillipsburg, under the act of Assembly approved May 31, 1911, P. L. 408. Plans and specifications can be seen at the office of the State Highway Department, Harrisburg, 311 Farmers Bank Building, Pittsburgh, 30 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, and Clearfield Trust Building, Clearfield, Pa. Each bid must be made upon a blank furnished by the State Highway Department, accompanied by a certified check in the sum of \$1500, enclosed in a separate sealed envelope (which must be marked "PROPOSAL FOR THE RECONSTRUCTION OF A SECTION OF ROAD ON ROUTE NO. 5, BETWEEN OSCEOLA AND PHILIPSBURG," and signed by the bidder).

EDWARD M. BIGELOW, State Highway Commissioner.

Auditors' Notice.

In the Orphans' Court of Centre County, Pennsylvania. In the matter of the Estate of Sarah Collins, late of the Borough of Bellefonte, in the County of Centre and State of Pennsylvania, deceased.

The undersigned, an Auditor appointed by the said Orphans' Court of Centre County to make and report a distribution of the fund in the hands of M. D. Kittell, Executor, under the last will and testament of the said Sarah Collins, deceased, as shown by the First and Final Account of the said Executor, to and among those legally entitled thereto, will attend to the duties of his appointment at his office in Temple Court, in the Borough of Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, on Monday, July 8, 1912, at two o'clock P. M., when all persons are required to present their claims before such Auditor or to be forever barred from coming in for a share of the said fund.

JOHN BLANCHARD, Auditor.

Auditors' Notice.

In the Orphans' Court of Centre County, Pennsylvania. In the matter of the Estate of Sarah Collins, late of the Borough of Bellefonte, in the County of Centre and State of Pennsylvania, deceased.

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JOHN BLANCHARD, Auditor.

Notice of Application For Charter.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of the State of Pennsylvania on Friday, August 2nd, 1912, by Ezra H. Auman, Warren E. Hoderstrom, and Arthur M. Long under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 29th, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called the F. L. Auman Milling Company the character and object of which is "The manufacturing, buying, selling and dealing in flour, feed grain, hay and coal" and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits, and privileges of said Act of Assembly and its supplements.

H. T. HALL, Solicitor.

Auditor's Notice.

In the Orphans' Court of Centre County. In the estate of Benjamin F. Dursi, late of Potter Township, deceased.

The undersigned, an Auditor, appointed by the Orphans' Court of Centre County, to make distribution of the balance due said estate in the hands of Clement Dale, administrator, to and among those legally entitled to the same, will meet the parties interested for the purposes of his appointment on Tuesday, July 9, 1912, at 10 o'clock A. M., at his law offices in Temple Court, Bellefonte, Penna., when and where all parties interested are required to appear and make and prove their claims or to be forever barred from coming in upon said fund.

HARRY KELLER, Auditor.

Proclamation.

"Whereas the observation of a 'Safe and Sound Fourth' has met with success throughout the country in the prevention of accidents of all kinds;

NOW, THEN, BE IT KNOWN: that the Ordinance prohibiting the use of any and all kinds of fire crackers, scrips, torpedoes, rockets, roman candles, cartridges, revolvers, pistols, etc., will be strictly enforced within the Borough of Bellefonte.

IN WITNESS whereof I have hereunto set my hand and attached the seal of said borough this 15th day of June A. D. 1912.

JOHN J. BOWEN, Chief Burgess.

Executors Notice.

In the Estate of George R. Williams, late of Worth Township, Centre County, Pennsylvania, deceased.

Letters testamentary in the above named estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims to present the same without delay, to

A. B. WILLIAMS, Executors.

Port Matilda, Pa.

Summer colds are hard to get rid of, and frequently lead to asthma, bronchitis, and hay fever. Do not let your cold get a hold on you, but use Foley's Honey and Tar Compound for quick relief. W. H. Allen, Chelsea, Wis., says: "We prefer Foley's Honey and Tar Compound to other cough medicines because it quickly cures coughs and colds. It will ward off a cold if taken in time." Contains no opiates. Sold by C. M. Parrish.

Farmers, mechanics, railroaders laborers rely on Dr. Thomas' Eucalypti Oil. Takes the sting out of cuts, burns of bruises at once. Pain cannot stay where it is used.

When Your Feet Ache.

From Corns, Bunions, Sore or Callous Spots, Blisters, New or Tight Fitting Shoes, Allen's Foot-Paste, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes, will give instant relief. Sold everywhere, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. For FREE sample address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

EDW. K. RHOADS

At his yard opposite the P. R. R. Passenger Station, sells only, BEST QUALITIES

(OF)

ANTHRACITE and BITUMINOUS COALS

Also All Kinds of

Wood, Grain, Hay, Straw and Sand.

Superior Screenings for Lime Burning. Builders and Plasterers' Sand.

TELEPHONE CALLS:

Bell 1312 Commercial 42.2

Olewine's Hardware Store.

THE PLACE FOR

Quality Goods

Wyoming Dockash Ranges

Wire Fencing

Alaska Freezers

Leather & Canvas Belting

Extension Ladders

Step Ladders

Atlas Portland Cement

Crown Wall Plaster

Beaver Board

DuPont's Dynamite

Asphalt & Rubber Roofings

Everything in the Hardware line found at

Olewine's

is prepared to furnish at

Wholesale & Retail

Best Ice Cream Cones on the market

WRITE FOR PRICES.

H. F. ALTERS, Mgr., High St. Bellefonte, Pa.

Ladies Make \$3.00 to \$5.00 Daily

We want a Live Representative in every town to introduce our complete line of spring and summer Suitings, Waistings, Silks, Petticoats, Handkerchiefs, Corsets and Hosiery. We furnish exclusive patterns, attractive samples, and give exclusive territory to active representatives, and furnish a very elaborate sample outfit free; extending credit to those furnishing satisfactory references. For full particulars, address MUTUAL FABRIC CO., Dept. 25, Binghamton, N. Y.

ELECTRIC LIGHT

For The Home

This is an excellent season to have that electric light wiring put into the

house

Careful Workmen,

BIG SALE CARLOAD RANGE HORSES & MARES

2 to 5 years old -- well broke, good color

HAAG HOTEL STABLES

SATURDAY, JULY 6 - 1912

at 12.30 P. M., rain or shine

Edward Hugler.

Paying By Check!

It adds to the credit of any man to be able to write his check in settlement of an account, payment of a debt or for the purchase of anything, no matter how small, and insures a receipt and record of the transaction that may save trouble later on.

The First National Bank,
Bellefonte, - - - Penna.

The Main Thing About FIRE INSURANCE

Is carrying a sufficient amount to really protect your property for after a fire one can only accept the result.

Better see to it that you are fully insured and in a company celebrated for prompt payment of losses; a good reliable company the only kind represented by us.

Also represent The Preferred Accident Insurance company of New York, which issues \$5,000 Travel Policy at \$12.00 per year.

Harry E. Fenlon

Temple Court - - - Bellefonte, Pa.

Real Estate Bought and Sold,
RENTS COLLECTED.

Many Children are Sick.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children Break up Colds in 24 hours, relieve Feverishness, Headache, Stomach troubles, Teething Disorders, and Destroy Worms. At all druggists, 25c. Sample mailed FREE Address, Allen Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.



THE BEST PROOF

Bellefonte Citizens Cannot Doubt It. Doan's Kidney Pills were used—they cured.

The story was told to Bellefonte residents.

Time has strengthened the evidence. Has proven the cure permanent. The testimony is home testimony—The proof convincing.

It can be investigated by Bellefonte residents.

Hiram Fetterhoff, 28 West Bishop St., Bellefonte, Pa., says: "I have no hesitation in recommending Doan's Kidney Pills, knowing them to be a first class kidney remedy. For some time I was annoyed by irregular passages of the kidney secretions and reading that Doan's Kidney Pills were good for kidney complaint, I procured a supply at Green's Pharmacy Co. Their use relieved me and I am now in much better health. Doan's Kidney Pills are certainly an effective kidney medicine."

(Statement given October 21, 1907.)

NO CAUSE FOR COMPLAINT.

When Mr. Fetterhoff was interviewed on November 22, 1909 he said: "I willingly confirm my former endorsement of Doan's Kidney Pills. The relief they brought me has been permanent."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Pennsy Strike Averted.

The controversy between the Pennsylvania railroad and 25,000 of its employees, working on lines east of Pittsburgh and Erie, has been amicably settled and a strike has been averted, according to an announcement made by the officials of the company and the representatives of the men following a conference held in Broad Street station last Sunday afternoon. The agreement reached is a victory for the trainmen, and immediately after the termination of the conference in Broad Street station a meeting of the members of the general committee, who have in their hands the affairs of the trainmen, was held in the Parkway building. At this meeting the answers of the company to the demands of the employees were accepted, with the proviso that confirmation shall be made by the company.

Your Harvest

Of the savings in our bank is interest—GOOD INTEREST—for the use of your money.



Twice a year you reap the harvest on the dollars you have planted here during that time. There is no safer soil than a bank, with ample resources and wise management; no surer yield than the three per cent interest we pay. Saving leads to success.

Bellefonte Trust Company.

Allegheny Street, - - - Bellefonte, Pa.

An increasing number of people report regularly of the satisfactory results from taking Foley Kidney Pills and commend their healing and curative qualities. Foley Kidney Pills are a carefully prepared medicine, guaranteed to contain no harmful or habit forming drugs. They can have only a beneficial effect when used for kidney and bladder troubles, for backache, rheumatism, weak back or lambo. Sold by C. M. Parrish.

Read "The Republican" one dollar a year.

In these days of high cost of living, a medicine that gets a man up out of bed and able to work in a few days is a valuable and welcome remedy. John Heath, Michigan Bar, Cal., had kidney and bladder trouble, was confined to his bed, unable to turn without help. "I commenced using Foley Kidney Pills and can truly say I was relieved at once." His example is worth following. Sold by C. M. Parrish.

Read "The Republican" one dollar a year.

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS

for backache, rheumatism, kidney or bladder trouble, and urinary irregularities. Foley Kidney Pills are tonic in action, quick in results. Refuse substitutes. For sale at C M Parrish, druggist.

DREER'S SEEDS PLANTS BULBS

To make your garden a success, you will find an invaluable guide in Dreer's Garden Book. An encyclopedia on gardening, of 288 pages, 1000 splendid photographs, 4 color pages and 6 duotone plates. Full directions given for growing flowers, plants, bulbs, vegetables, lawn grass and farm seeds. Call or Write Mailed Free HENRY A. DREER 714 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

Read "The Republican" \$1 a year in advance.

Make It Help. Let every dissatisfaction with the present be made not a discouragement, but an inspiration, by the continual consciousness of the great law of eternal growth.—Phillips Brooks.

The Life Line. Amateur Palmist—The life line indicates how long you will live. Skeptical Friend—Yes? Isn't it a wonder the life insurance companies pay no attention to it?

An Excuse. Patience—What reason had she for marrying him? Patrice—Why, he had money. Patience—That is not a reason; that's an excuse.

The way of the world is to praise dead saints and persecute living ones.—Howe.

THE REPUBLICAN.

Bellefonte, Pa., July 4, 1912
 CHARLES E. DORWORTH, - Ed. & Pub.
 Subscription rate, \$1 a year, strictly in Advance.
 PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.
 The Republican and the New York Tribune Farmer, \$1.50 a year in Advance.
 Advertising Rates.
 One Column, 1 year, ...\$100
 One Half Column, 1 year, ... 60
 One Quarter Column, 1 year, ... 35
 Legal Notices (if no special contract exists) 10 cents per line, each insertion, nonpareil measure.

THE REPUBLICAN TICKET

State Treasurer,
 Robert K. Young.
Auditor General
 A. W. Powell.
Congress-at-Large,
 Fred E. Lewis,
 Arthur R. Rupley,
 John M. Morin,
 Anderson M. Walters.
National Delegates-at-Large,
 Ziba T. Moore,
 H. H. Gilkyson,
 W. P. Young,
 George R. Scull,
 W. H. Hackenbush,
 W. W. Kincaid,
 Lex Mitchell,
 Fred W. Brown,
 Owen C. Underwood,
 George H. Plinn,
 J. E. Schieffely,
 R. D. Towne.
Congress,
 Charles E. Patton.
Assembly,
 C. L. Granley.

BRYAN BIG BOSSEE.

There are bosses, and there are bosses, and then again there are bosses, but not until the Baltimore national convention was there ever such a prime exhibition of the possibilities of one man bossing everything in and out of sight as was given by William Jennings Bryan. He was not only the boss. He was the Big Bossee.

A more arrogant, tyrannical exhibition of one-man power has never been witnessed in any convention in the time of the present generation. The fact that the convention was willing to be bossed is the most significant feature of the bossing. It stamped Bryan in a new role. When he first came into the spotlight Bryan captured his nomination for President by means of a stampede. He won that nomination with his silvery voice. His two subsequent nominations were due to the Bryan spell being still upon the Democratic party.

A different situation existed, however, at Baltimore. In this instance more than a majority of the convention were distinctly hostile to Bryan. This they demonstrated on the fight between Bryan and Judge Parker for temporary chairman. Defeated at the very beginning of the convention Bryan started in to demonstrate that he was boss. He decreed that he should rule. He vowed that he would force the convention to its knees and show the one thousand or more delegates that he was the master. And he did as he promised himself he would do.

A more cold-blooded exhibition with the club was never seen than Bryan's deliberate, cruel destruction of Speaker Clark's candidacy for nomination for President. Clark from the start was the favorite candidate of more than a majority of the delegates. Because Clark's home State delegation divided their support as between Bryan and Parker for temporary chairman, Bryan decreed that Clark could not have the nomination for President. After first voting for Clark Bryan took the platform and denounced the Speaker in bitter terms. He unblushingly and publicly betrayed a friend who warmly and enthusiastically and loyally supported him for President on three occasions.

From Clark Bryan turned his support to Wilson. Wilson, playing a political game, lined up with Bryan as against Parker for temporary chairman. His share in the deal was that he should receive Bryan's support, notwithstanding Nebraska had instructed Bryan to vote for Clark. At the proper time Bryan consummated the deal and betrayed Clark to help Wilson. The convention, which had started in with more than a majority for Clark, swallowed the Bryan dictum and Clark's vote steadily dwindled. Even Bryan's enemies confessed his absolute domination over his party.

The Bryan manifesto was that he should rule or ruin. The Democratic party, to avoid ruin, accepted the only alternative. The price paid will rise up to haunt and rebuke those who paid it when the plain people register their verdict at the polls next November.

Governor Wilson is under obligations to the reorganizers faction of the Pennsylvania Democrats, who captured control of the State organization and gave him the Pennsylvania delegation at Baltimore. If elected President Governor Wilson would naturally reward the reorganizers by helping them put the regular Democrats completely out of business.

WILSON.

Governor Wilson, a very estimable gentleman, a man of culture and deep scholarly attainments, has been named as the Democratic nominee for President. He was named because William Jennings Bryan so decreed, and since Mr. Bryan bossed the convention the Wilson nomination was the logical result. If elected President Wilson's reign at Washington would be a reign by Bryan and of Bryanism. Mr. Bryan demanded that Wilson be named so that he might put into operation the Bryan policies, which have three times been repudiated by the country at large. Bryan thus attempts to accomplish indirectly what he found he could not do directly.

It is enough to remark at this time that Governor Wilson is admirably fitted for some things but not for some other things. In the short time he has been before the public he has demonstrated that he is as changing as the winds and as unstable as the sands. He but a short time since advocated ridding the Democratic party of Bryan and Bryanism. Once a candidate Wilson catered to Bryan and kissed the hand he had so recently scorned. Life long views on economic questions were cast overboard in a single night once Wilson was before the people as an aspirant for office. He renounced personal convictions for hollow phrases and fantasies calculated to appeal to the galleries. He demonstrated his actual lack of faith in the people by asking the Carnegie Pension Fund for a private pension in the event that he should be unsuccessful at the polls. It apparently made no difference to him that the private pensions so bestowed represent dollars and dimes and nickels and pennies wrought from the toil of hard working men by the Steel Trust. A public request for such a pension would have been bad enough, but Wilson made his appeal in secret while publicly professing to be the foe of the trusts.

There are some places where an unstable man may be placed and do the country no harm, but the White House is not one of these. The country's welfare, the interests of employe and employer, alike, need at Washington a President who from experience knows what is for the best and who has the stability to put his plans into effect.

The Republicans have nominated Mr. Taft. The Democrats have named Mr. Wilson. Mr. Taft, if elected, will be Mr. Taft's man. Mr. Wilson, if elected, will be Mr. Bryan's man. Mr. Bryan bossed the convention that made Wilson possible. Anybody who wishes to see Bryan boss the White House will have the opportunity to help it along by voting for Wilson.

Use No Salt on Ground.

A beginning orchardist wrote to State Zoologist H. A. Surface, of the Department of Agriculture, Harrisburg, saying that his soil is so dry that he thought of watering his young apple trees by "taking two pounds of nitrate of soda and three pounds of salt to fifty gallons of water." He thought this would hold the moisture and prove beneficial. Professor Surface sent him a reply which will be of interest to many readers. This is as follows:

"It is all right to water your trees with two pounds of nitrate of soda in fifty gallons of water, but by all means keep out the salt. I can not possibly understand why people want to use salt on their trees and in their soil. It does not do one bit of good as a fertilizer nor as an insecticide nor fungicide. There seems to be a deeply rooted idea throughout this State that salt is beneficial on plants, when the reverse is really the truth. Salt does not hold moisture nor make the ground hold moisture. It draws the moisture to the surface of the ground and makes it evaporate there, and makes it all the worse for the tree.

"It would pay better to cultivate your trees well than to water them, although to water them first with nitrate of soda in the water, and then cultivate them would no doubt be beneficial. When young trees are frozen, starting to grow or declining, I find that a spoonful of nitrate of soda around each, cultivated into the soil, is a good thing and stimulates growth perhaps better than any, thing else."

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.
 We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE, Toledo, O.
 Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The CIRCLET

A Singular Case of a Woman's Modesty

By JULIA C. DANA

Two men were talking in a ballroom in London.

"Have you met the American beauty, Herbert?" asked one.

"What American beauty?"

"The one who has recently come to London, Miss Denton. She is all the rage."

"No; I have not even heard of her. But since she is creating a sensation I should like to meet her, for curiosity, if for nothing more. Do you know her, and will you present me?"

"Yes, I know her and will be happy to present you. But let me tell you, who are such a stickler for birth, you who claim kinship with the Howards, that these Americans have no real blue blood in them and this Miss Denton's origin is uncertain. It is whispered that she comes of very ordinary stock, and the source from which she inherited her fortune, if it is known in America, is not known here. I have heard that there is a story about how she came into her inheritance, but whether it involves disgrace or credit to her, or neither, I don't know."

"This is all interesting and excites curiosity. But why do you think it necessary to tell it to me?"

"Because these American women are carrying off many of our best men for husbands, and I don't know but that if I present you to this girl she may do the same by you. Being your mother's friend, I feel more or less responsible for you. You Percys have no record of any one of your family having made a misalliance. You don't want to be the first to do so."

Herbert Percy smiled.

"Yes, yes," continued his friend. "I know that you are thirty-five and a member of parliament, but at what age is a man safe from a woman?"

"I'll not hold you responsible. Now for the introduction."

The two went through the rooms till they saw a woman of perhaps twenty-five surrounded by a flock of men, each of whom was trying to get a word with her, while groups of British spinsters, unattended, were scowling at her. She was not the beauty Percy had been led to suppose, nor did she bear herself as a belle—seeming to shrink from rather than court the attention she was receiving. But while awaiting an opportunity to be presented Percy watched her, and her presence kept growing on him. He was puzzled to know in what that something about her, far above the ordinary, consisted. That it existed he was sure. He did not create it by his imagination. He saw it and felt it and was ready to acknowledge that it was superior to anything there was in himself. When an opportunity occurred and he was introduced to Miss Denton he discerned at once that whatever was the source of her social success her heart was not enlisted in a social triumph. The attention she received rather annoyed than pleased her.

"I have been waiting a long while," said Percy, "for an introduction and have been delayed by the men who have been swarming about you. I feared I would never get an opportunity."

"Being an American, I'm a curiosity."

"I wish they were not so. I would have driven them away to the other ladies, many of whom have been very kind to me, but the men crowd about me because I am new."

Percy was amused. The girl's sincerity he did not question, but he did question the kindness of the ladies she referred to. He appreciated her modesty and had the art of showing sympathy in whatever degree it might be required. Other men seeing the American engaged in earnest conversation with one of London's most desirable parties refrained from interrupting their chat, and they spent most of the rest of the evening in each other's company.

This is not a story of a courtship. It is rather the story of an incident and what that incident led to. Herbert Percy fell under the influence against which her friend and introducer had warned him and without knowing anything about Miss Denton's origin or how she acquired her fortune, became engaged to her.

There was an adornment that Miss Denton was never seen without when she wore what is called full dress. That was at times a band of black velvet, at others a band of gold on her arm midway between the elbow and the shoulder. When the occasion admitted of sleeves she wore them, leaving off the circlet. Perhaps for this reason it was not especially noticed that this portion of her arm was never uncovered. A few, however, had remarked it and attributed it to the wearer's desire to give herself an appearance of those antique beauties who flourished in Rome or Egypt or Greece some 2,000 years ago.

Herbert Percy noticed the circlet at his first meeting with his fiancée, and, though he had no thought of Miss Denton wearing it for the purpose that has been mentioned, he certainly considered that it effected such a purpose. It was on this account that after their engagement he called her Zenobia. Though when he explained his reason for doing so an expression of fright or pain passed over her face. At first she attached no importance to her ornament, but after they had been out together considerably at functions requiring full dress he noticed that she never appeared in such costume without it. One evening when she was thus attired he said to her:

"Why do you invariably wear that ornament with full dress?"

The expression he had noted when he had first called her Zenobia passed again over her face, and—she made no reply.

He looked at her, surprised. She was keeping a secret from him.

During an engagement a certain sensitiveness or oversensitiveness is apt to permit unimportant matters to remain unexplained that had better be brought out into the open. Percy did not repeat the question, but began to speak of something else. No one had better control of himself than he, and he acted outwardly as though he had ventured upon ground on which he had no right to tread. Inwardly there was a great change in him toward his fiancée.

When he went home that night the warning he had received against the American beauty, the hints as to her plebeian origin, the mystery attending her inheritance, all came up before him to throw him into a fever that no other cause could have effected. Suppose this circlet should have some connection with either of these matters. Absurd! There was much more reason to suppose that it concealed a blemish, a birthmark, or perhaps one of those scars of unusual size and ugliness that are left by a vaccination. And yet would this woman, about whom there was an impressiveness that affected every one who came near her, refuse to tell the man she was to marry that on her arm was a trifling blemish? If the first supposition was absurd the second was more so. No; there was some mystery connected with the circlet—a blot, a weakness.

There was a weakness in this strong woman, a very strange weakness, a weakness that no one could conceive as existing side by side with a being of such mental and spiritual caliber, but what it was or what was the mystery it shielded Percy was not destined to find out from Miss Denton. He was to learn it by accident.

The secret grew and festered and throbbed and pained till the lover could stand it no longer. He was a masterful man in self control and succeeded in concealing what he felt from the woman he loved—not that she failed to discover that something had come between them or that she did not realize that the secret she had refused to tell him was on his mind. What she did not know was that he was trying to make up his mind to resign her. All the traditions of his family were against his marrying a woman who had no pretense to an aristocratic birth and about whom, despite her evident fine character, he feared there might be something wrong. He determined to absent himself from her for awhile to determine if he could not forget her.

He was tempted to go to America and investigate her past on the ground where she lived, but he banished the idea in a moment. Investigate the past of the woman he was to marry! He would wed no one who would not make a clean breast of her whole life. No; he would go down to Italy. The beautiful lakes, Maggiori, Como, would inspire him with other thoughts, and the American—he shuddered at the thought that she might be an adventuress—would gradually be effaced from his mind.

So he bid Miss Denton adieu, telling her that he would run over to the continent for a brief season of recreation, intending to advise her of the prolongation of his absence later by letter. The morning after his arrival in Paris, taking up a newspaper—the continental newspapers are mostly society journals—his eye met the following item, copied from an American paper:

Miss Helen Denton, an American girl whose name some years ago was in every one's mouth, is creating a sensation in London society. Miss Denton is the daughter of a lighthouse keeper on the New Jersey coast and when sixteen years old during a storm carried a line in a boat to a yacht that was going to pieces on a bar near the lighthouse where she lived, thus saving the lives of the yachtman and his family. He left an enormous fortune, a part of which went to the heroine who had succored him and his wife and children.

Percy started from his seat, took the paper to the window and read the item again and again.

And this was the woman he was trying to get away from! But the circlet! What could that have to do with the matter? He would return to London and find out.

The next evening he called upon his fiancée and without mentioning his unexpected return handed her the item he had cut from the Paris paper. She heaved a sigh.

"It's all out that I am a plebeian. I release you."

"Will you now tell me why you wear the circlet?"

Raising her sleeve, she showed him a tattooed picture in blue ink of a girl rowing a boat.

"What does it mean?" he asked.

"The men at the life saving station put it there."

"And the letter 'H'?"

"Oh, they thought I had done something remarkable. It was not so. I only pulled out to a wrecked yacht with a line in tow."

"The letter stands for heroine, does it not?"

"I suppose it does."

He stared at her in wonder. "Great heavens! Have you been concealing from me that you are a heroine to further conceal that your father was a lighthouse keeper?"

"Yes."

He had no words for such a woman. He took her in his arms and covered her face with kisses.

J. J. IRWIN DEAD

Was Prominent Citizen of Altoona and Former Centre Countian.

Alderman John J. Irwin, one of Altoona's leading citizens, and a former Centre Countian, died at his late home in that city on Sunday evening, last. On June 15th he suffered a stroke of apoplexy, the effects of which caused his death at the time noted. His illness really dates back twenty years, having first been stricken with paralysis in 1892. He was incapacitated for work at his trade, but had comparatively good health until August, 1910, when he was stricken again and did not recover until the following January. Although for months he was so crippled that he could scarcely walk unassisted, he resumed his work and kept at his post with his characteristic pluck and determination, although it was apparent that he was not long for this world.

Born Aug. 26, 1848, near Jacksonville, Alderman Irwin was a son of the late Samuel McClelland and Jane Holmes Irwin. He received his early education at a typical country school house near his father's farm and as soon as he had thoroughly mastered the three Rs with a few other branches of study that had been added to the common school course he entered Bellefonte Academy, from which institution he later graduated.

He entered upon the study of law under ex-Governor James A. Beaver, who was then a practicing attorney at Bellefonte and was admitted to the Centre county bar in 1871. He was united in marriage to Miss Sarah D. Harkness, of Cumberland, Pa., Dec. 25, 1871. He removed to Altoona in 1884, becoming a clerk for the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. In 1902 he was appointed an alderman by Governor Stone and was repeatedly re-elected, continuing to serve until a few weeks before his death.

In church affiliations he was a Presbyterian and upon going to Altoona united in membership with the Second Presbyterian congregation.

Surviving him are his wife, Mrs. Sarah Harkness Irwin, and two children, Samuel M. and Harry H., both of Altoona. One brother, Robert H., of Bellefonte, also survives.

State's Oldest Man Dead.

Shortly after midnight Saturday morning death came to Danville's "grand old man," Michael Powers, believed to be the oldest man in Pennsylvania. He had lived until September 29, he would have celebrated his one hundred and fourth birthday anniversary, for he was born in Ireland September 29, 1808. Mr. Powers came to Danville Montous county, 60 years ago. For a number of years he held a responsible position at the glass furnace. He was industrious and frugal and from his salary saved sufficient to keep him in comfort during the latter years of his life. He never married. Since 1878 he made his home with his niece, Mary A. Powers, at whose home he died.

Until a year ago Mr. Powers had enjoyed excellent health and it was his daily custom to take a walk of a mile or more through the town or into the country. He had a remarkable memory and frequently entertained his friends with stories of events of 50 and 75 years ago.

Mrs. Mace White Dead.

Mrs. Christiana White, wife of Mace White, and a former resident of Bellefonte, died on Sunday, last, at her late home in Camden, N. J. Her death was due to valvular heart trouble. She had been in failing health for about two years. Her remains were brought to Bellefonte yesterday and taken to the St. John's Episcopal church. After services there, conducted by Rev. John Hewitt, interment was made in the Union cemetery. Before her marriage Mrs. White was Christiana Swiler, daughter of the late Christian Swiler and a sister of Edward Swiler, of this place. She had made her home in Philadelphia and Camden for the last fifteen years or more.

Armory Contract Awarded.

The State Armory Board on Saturday awarded the contract for a new armory at Tyrone.

Pennsylvania R. R.

Personally-Conducted Excursions

TO

Niagara Falls

July 18, August 1, 15, 29, September 12, 26, October 10, 1912.

\$7.10 Round-Trip from Bellefonte

SPECIAL TRAIN of Pullman Parlor Cars, Dining Car, and Day Coaches, running via the

Picturesque Susquehanna Valley Route

Tickets good going on Special Train and connecting trains, and good returning on regular trains within FIFTEEN DAYS. Stop-off within limit allowed at Buffalo returning.

Illustrated Booklet and full information may be obtained from Ticket Agents.

Tours to Thousand Islands, July 18, August 15 and 29; Maritime Provinces, July 24; Montreal, July 31; Adirondacks, July 31; Muskoka Lakes, August 1; Quebec, August 7; Yellowstone Park, August 10; Great Lakes, September 12.

Penny-A-Word Column.

WASHING AT HOME—Mrs. Fannie Pendleton, Penn Street, Bellefonte, Pa.

WANTED—White pine wood. Write or inquire of P. B. Crider & Son, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR SALE—Good rubber-tire top buggy; in first class condition; is almost new. Inquire of Dr. E. S. Dorworth, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR SALE—Nice ten room house; about two acres; good small orchard; one-fourth mile from Howard. Address C. M. MUFFLY, Howard, Pa.

FOUND—A bunch of keys tied by a narrow strap was found on Howard Street. Owner may recover same by calling at this office, identifying property and paying for this notice.

GROCERY FOR SALE—An established grocery store in Bellefonte is for sale. Prospective purchasers who mean business may learn full particulars by inquiring at or communicating with "The Republican" office.

FOR SALE—Six good horses, range in weight from 1100 to 1400; good for all purposes; farm or team. Inquire of P. H. Clemson, Bell Telephone, Stormstown, Pa. Or D. B. Mattern Commercial Phone, Stormstown, Pa.

WANTED—A person in every community to take orders for "The Sinking of the Titanic and Great Sea Disasters." Liberal commission. Agents making from \$5 to \$10 per day. Don't delay. Be first in the field, and you will reap the rich reward. Write today. Address Box 27, Spring Mills, Pa., Centre Co. Both 'Phones, Bell 29-2, Commercial 2-3R.

Bellefonte Markets.

Corrected by the John Meece store.
 Eggs, per dozen 22
 Butter, per pound 18
 Potatoes 115

Bellefonte Grain Market.

Corrected by Gamble, Green & Co.
 Wheat, white or mixed 1.05
 Wheat, red 1.10
 Corn, shelled (per bu.) 50
 Corn, ears (per bu.) 50
 Oats (per bu.) 40
 Rye (per bu.) 70
 Barley (per bu.) 58
 Buckwheat (per bu.) 55

ENORMOUS BLACKSNAKE

Reptile Had Nineteen-Inch Trout in Its Mouth When Killed.

Edward Boulton, who looks after the streams which supply Houtzdale, Brishin, and other points up there with water, witnessed an unusual sight on Thursday, says the Phillipsburg Ledger. Hearing a splashing in the water of Moshannon branch he was astonished upon investigation to see a big blacksnake struggling with a husky trout. Slowly the snake approached the shore with its unwillling captive, and when on land Mr. Boulton clubbed it to death. The trout, which measured nineteen inches, apparently unharmed was thrown back into the stream. The blacksnake measured just one inch under eight feet.

Cutting Banner Crop.

The Milton Evening Standard of Saturday states that farmers on Alex Billmeyer's farm near Mexico, Northumberland county, have started to cut the biggest crop of hay in years. From the 27 acres it is expected that 150 two-team loads will be garnered. The hay is the highest that has ever been known in that section, in the memory of the present generation, at least. It stands neck-high in some places, and is so thick that there is considerable difficulty in cutting it.

The hay crop all over the section is generally good, but in some places it is not worth cutting. This appears the more strange in view of the record crop on the Billmeyer farm. It is singular to note fields in that immediate vicinity whose yield is very scrawny. One reason for the success of the Billmeyer crop is the attention given the soil. The owner spends large sums in keeping up the nitrates in the soil by means of fertilizers. Then the ploughing is done deep.

Base Drum Beater Lost.

We hear every now and then of the loss of pretty nearly any kind of an article, but the latest is a foot treadle base drum beater, owned by Clarence Rhoads, of Bellefonte, and supposedly lost on the road to Snow Shoe. Last Friday evening Detrick's orchestra was on the way to Snow Shoe, Rhoads had his base drum tied to the rear of the carriage. The foot treadle beater, attached to the drum, worked loose and dropped into the road. Mr. Rhoads did not discover his loss until he arrived at Snow Shoe. He hopes that the finder will promptly return the same and be suitably rewarded.

W. E. Crosby Dead.

William Edgar Crosby, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Crosby, of Phillipsburg, died on Saturday of last week in the Mercer hospital. Deceased was 21 years of age and but a few weeks ago graduated from State College. After leaving college he became identified with the State Chestnut Blight Commission. He became ill while working near Mercer. The body was removed to Phillipsburg for interment.

George Guelich Dead.

George Guelich, of Clearfield, father of Charles H. Guelich, of Phillipsburg died on Friday night of last week, aged 85 years, 3 months and 8 days. Interment was made at Clearfield on Monday

The County at a Glance.

Howard.

D. W. Schenck, of Hagerstown, Md., visited in this vicinity last week.

Miss Jennie Bechdel, of Pittsburg, visited her mother, Mrs. Kate Bechdel, this week.

Miss Mary Johnston, of Blanchard, visited in this burg on Tuesday.

Miss Clara Hastings, of Orviston, visited her mother one day this week.

Misses Laura and Idella Williams were business visitors to Bellefonte last week.

Dr. W. J. Kurtz was paid a visit this week by his sister, Miss Kurtz, of Williamsport.

Mrs. Howard Robb, of Lock Haven, came to her home here after being in Lock Haven for several months.

Nathaniel Pletcher, who is employed in Clearfield, arrived here on Tuesday to spend the Fourth with his family.

William Steele, of Bellefonte, transacted business in this community last week.

William Weber was a week-end visitor in Williamsport.

Miss Mabel Long, of Spring Mills, is visiting her school chum, Miss Lulu Schenck.

Prof. and Mrs. George Robb and son, of Altoona, are this week visiting Mrs. Robb's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Kline.

A Mr. Evans, of Greenburg, was in this community last week trying to organize an order called the "Woodman of the World" or "W. O. T. W." He was successful in securing twenty-three applicants.

Miss May Dietz, of State College, is this week visiting her friend, Miss Lucy Shope.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Cramer, of Portsmouth, Va.; Mrs. May Porte and daughter, of North Dakota, and Mrs. Lee Stricker and daughter, of Blanchard, were visitors last week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. I. R. Williams.

At a special meeting of the School Board last week, Messrs. Crowe and Stinner, of Jersey Shore, were given the contract for putting a steam-heat plant in the school house.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Lucas, of Tyrone, visited in this place several days this week.

Prof. F. M. Pletcher is wearing a broader smile than usual, as the stork left at his home on Monday a pair of twin boys. (We suggest that he name them Teddy and Taft.)

Messrs. Ellis Ertle and Bernard Long, who are employed in Pittsburg, arrived here on Tuesday to spend the Fourth at home.

Mrs. William Confer and daughter, Pearl, left last Friday afternoon for Portland, Me., where they will visit her daughter, Mrs. Harvey Randall.

Mrs. G. L. Williams and children left on Friday for New York City, where they will make their home for some time.

Blanchard.

Mrs. Alanson Moon and children are visiting with her brother, James A. Wensel, at Avis.

The Harvey Kunes home is resplendent in a coat of fresh paint. William Fowler had the contract.

Miss Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dean H. Fredericks, visited the last few days with her aunt, Mrs. Rebecca F. Glossner.

About thirty friends of Mrs. Mary Kunes gave her a surprise party on Wednesday of last week, it being the occasion of her birthday anniversary. A delicious dinner was served.

George S. Berryhill has several nice painting contracts on hand. One is for the A. B. Brady house, while another is for the Robert Dugan home. George is all there with the brush.

Rev. Samuel J. McCracken, an evangelist, from New York, preached in the Disciple church both morning and evening last Sunday. His conducting meetings each night this week, at 7.30 o'clock.

J. A. Nestlerode, the stone mason, has been busy rebuilding the stone retaining wall on the Mrs. Annie Pearson lot, adjoining the barn of C. W. Cook. The old wall, which had been standing for many years, collapsed as a result of repeatedly heavy frosts.

New 30-Cent Telegraph Zone.

The Postal Telegraph-Cable company announces that on and after July 1, it will have in force a new 30-cent minimum rate zone. There has been no intermediate rate between 25 cents and 40 cents, except in a few cases. Consequently many telegrams only slightly in excess of the 25 cents minimum zone distance have been subject to the 40-cent minimum zone rate. Under the new arrangement, therefore, the cost of a great many ten-word telegrams heretofore 40-cents will be reduced to 30 cents.

J. W. Woomer Dead.

John W. Woomer died on Friday of last week at his late home on Marsh Creek, following an illness of but three days. Death was due to acute cramp. Interment was made on Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock in the Advent cemetery, Rev. C. W. Winey officiating. Deceased was aged 57 years and 14 days. He is survived by his mother, his wife and these daughters: Mrs. W. D. Walker, of Bigler; Mrs. S. T. Williams, of Hollidaysburg; Mrs. John S. Lucas, of Youngstown, Ohio, and Misses Edith, Esther and Mina, at home.

N. J. Gorham, Cashier Bank of Woodville, Woodville, Ga., had a very severe attack of kidney trouble and the pains in his kidneys and back were terrible. "I got a bottle of Foley Kidney Pills from our druggist and they entirely relieved me. I have more benefit from them than any other medicine." Sold by C. M. Parrish.

Noah Rocky Dead.

Noah Rocky, an aged and well known Centre Countian, died rather suddenly on Saturday evening, about 7 o'clock, at the home of a daughter, Mrs. Elmer Limbert, between Spring Mills and Millheim. He was in apparently good health on Saturday afternoon. While pushing a buggy into the barn at the Limbert home he was seized with a coughing spell. He rapidly became weak until he passed away at the hour noted. His body was removed to the home of a son, John C. Rocky, at Fillmore, on Monday, and interment made there on Tuesday. Surviving are these children: Mrs. John (Louisa) Dunkard, Mrs. George (Amelia) Zettle, Mrs. Harry (Lydia) Corman, George Rocky, who lives in Montana; Mrs. Sadie Mechley, of Fillmore, and Mrs. Elmer (Kate) Limbert, of near Spring Mills. Two brothers, James, of Altoona, and John B., and several sisters, including Mrs. Jane Albright, of Spring Mills, also survive.

Judge's Ruling Shocks Bar.

Leading members of the Pennsylvania bar were shocked on Sunday when they read of the decision of Judge Bechtel that that no ceremony is necessary to make a marriage binding in Pennsylvania, but that mutual consent alone is required.

The common belief is that the ruling is unconstitutional. The case in question was that of the wife of Morris Runkle, yardmaster of the Reading Railroad, who acknowledged his housekeeper, Mrs. Amanda Runkle, as his wife, although no ceremony was performed, and then later jilted her to marry Miss Freed, a pretty young school teacher. Mrs. Runkle sued him for support. Judge Bechtel made the order against the man, and the case was appealed.

Bees Kill Ducklings.

Mrs. W. P. Sheesley, of Jersey Shore, a successful raiser of ducks, who has 33 ducklings, says the ducklings are greedy eaters, and that many are lost each year through their swallowing bees. The bee, gobbled down alive, retaliates by stinging, and that ends the duckling's career. In nearly every case where a duckling is found dead, if the craw be cut open a bee may be found.—Lock Haven Express.

A. M. Nason, farming near Canaan, Me., was badly crippled with sciatic rheumatism due he says to uric acid in his blood. "Foley Kidney Pills entirely cured me and also removed numerous black specks that were continually before my eyes." Foley Kidney Pills are a uric acid solvent and are effective for the various forms of rheumatism. Sold by C. M. Parrish.

Read "The Republican" \$1 a year in advance.

PERFUMES AND TALCUM POWDER

We have just received a fine assortment of 'Harmony Intense' Perfumes and the VIOLET DULCE TALCUM POWDER

This is the weather for both--
Let us show you how fine they are--

GREEN'S PHCY. CO.

The *Jenall* Store

Dog Fights Copperhead.

A valuable hunting dog owned by John McCloskey, of Woolrich, and a copperhead snake about three feet in length engaged in a fierce battle on Saturday which resulted in the death of both, says the Lock Haven Express.

The dog left home early in the afternoon and was seen about several large piles of stone in a field, where rabbits were in hiding. A copperhead snake was also a visitor at this place, evidently in search of young rabbits. The reptile resented the dog's action and as a result a terrific fight must have resulted, as the snake was literally torn to pieces, and when the dog came home it was covered with blood.

In a very brief period the animal began to act unusually strange and being an expert hunter and fisherman Mr. McCloskey quickly realized that the dog had been bitten in the face by a snake. He made an heroic effort to prevent the poisonous virus from spreading, but the animal died in agony in less than half an hour after his encounter with the copperhead.

"The Republican" \$1 a year.

Real Estate Transfers.

Recorder Francis Speer has recorded the following real estate transfers:

Emma S. Confer to G. Antis Confer, 70 acres in Howard township; \$1500.

G. Antis Confer to George P. Thomas, 124 acres in Howard township; \$2000.

Abram Thompson to John N. Gross, 1 acre in Patton township; \$116.

Eda D. Neal et al, to Etta R. Leathers, 13 acres in Howard township; \$600.

E. H. Grove et ux, to Comm. of Pa., 104 acres in Benner township; \$500.

John J. Arney to Howard J. Lambert, lot in Centre Hall; \$750.

S. H. Hoy et ux, to Comm. of P., 80 acres in Benner township; \$800.

Henry Noll, et ux, to Comm. of Pa., 5 acres in Benner township; \$1000.

John P. Ishler, et ux, to Comm. of Pa., premises in Benner township; \$9500.

Abby Foss to W. A. Cochel, premises in State College; \$3500.

Louis Borroughs et al, to Kittanning Coal Co., 627 acres in Rush township; \$1568.50.

Kata E. Kemmerer to John P. Ishler, premises in State College; \$6750.50.

George Gilbert Pond to Diocese of Harrisburg, lots in State College; \$1.

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK

Marvelous Dividend Achievements

The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York paid in dividends in 1911 the sum of \$13,631,857, an amount without precedent in this country or any other. The Company has also apportioned for payments of dividends in 1912 the enormous sum of \$15,146,685, an amount greater by nearly two millions than any other company has ever paid in a single year. Indeed, of 160 companies doing business in the United States, only 13, including industrial, had up to January 1st, 1911, paid during their entire existence, as large a total in dividends as the sum apportioned by the Mutual Life for 1912.

AGENTS WANTED---Liberal contracts given to men who will devote all or part of their time writing life insurance. Assistance given in closing cases.

JOHN HUGHES BLACKMAN, Manager, Mears Building,
J. C. HUGHES, Assistant Manager. Scranton, Pa.

W. L. MALIN, District Manager,
Bellefonte, Pa.

The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, Home Office, 34 Nassau St., New York City, N. Y.

DEADSHOT

How the Name of a Mining Town Was Changed

By F. TRACY EDMONDS

Deadshot deserved its name. It was one of those mining camps that existed half a century ago in which was gathered the toughest population on the face of North American soil. One visiting it now would see an attractive town with paved streets and sidewalks, rows of neat dwellings and spires piercing the branches of shade trees.

But fifty years ago—then there was a different picture. There was but one street, and that was a dirt road lined with log cabins and board shanties. The most pretentious of these were drinking and gambling dens. There was no law nor semblance of law. A few respectable women had gone to the place, but at the time this story opens they were preparing to leave.

The citizens of Deadshot had encouraged the coming of the women, hoping that their presence would have a salutary effect on the rougher element, for the most brutal affairs were perpetrated by a few individuals, and now since within a week after their arrival the ladies were about to turn their backs on Sodom a meeting was called with a view to the adoption of measures that might change their resolution.

The meeting took place in the Empire saloon.

Pete Henshaw arose and said that he had heard one of the women say that if the citizens of Deadshot wanted to become civilized the first thing they must do was to build a church. He therefore proposed that a collection be taken up for that purpose.

No objection being made to the proposition, the hat was passed, and when the offering was summed up the value of all the donations of various kinds, including a dirty pack of cards, was found to be a dollar and fifty-six cents. The movement was a failure.

Cy Allen then made a proposition that met with much more favor. He suggested that the first man who shot another should be fined a thousand dollars to build the church and that a committee of three of the quickest and surest shots be appointed to see when the transgression occurred that the transgressor put up the amount at once or suffer the consequences.

It did not occur to any one to ask what the intended consequences were. All understood at once that the delinquent was to be hanged. The motion was put and carried, the committee whose duty it was to see that when the fine needed for the church was due it should be paid was appointed, and the chairman named another to go to the ladies and ask them to defer their departure until it could be determined whether the action taken would be effective. The latter consented to give time for a trial, and Deadshot waited for the man who was to build the church.

Pools were made as to who would be the offender. Arkansas Jack, Pete Skinner and Andy Grimshaw were the favorites. Andy Grimshaw was the winner, shooting his man down in cold blood within two days after the passage of the resolution. The committee appointed for the collection of the funds called on him and asked him to fork over. He laughed them to scorn. There was a fusillade, and he fell pierced with three bullets. One of the committee was wounded, but not seriously.

The next man to lay himself liable to the fine was Arkansas Jack. But, taking warning by the fate of his predecessor, he "lit out" before the committee had time to pay him a visit. Results thus far were favorable. One of the worst men in the town had been eliminated by the bullet; another had gone of his own accord. The only unfortunate circumstance was that no fine had been collected for the building of the church.

Pete Skinner, one of the pool favorites, still remained in the town and above ground. He had disappointed his backers in not turning out a winner and was therefore disappointed himself. The reason he was inactive and unharmed was that he had not succeeded in picking a quarrel with any one before his colleagues had sinned and suffered. He was disgusted with the working of the "city ordinance," for he had no mind to give up his favorite amusement and had no money with which to pay for indulging in it.

The ladies were only partially satisfied with the results of the effort to reform the town, and so long as Skinner remained there above ground they had no confidence in a reformation. Two left, and the others began packing up. The citizens were hoping that Skinner would kill some one and give them an excuse to eliminate him. But Skinner got wind of their desires and kept the peace.

There were three young men in Deadshot who had been attracted to three young women who were getting ready to move. These men owned property in Deadshot and not only wished to keep the girls, but to reconstruct the town so that they could induce capital to come in and develop what they believed would give them a fortune. Pete Skinner stood not only between them and the girls, but between them and pecuniary success.

They met one evening to discuss the situation.

Dave Perkins suggested that they draw lots as to which one of their number should shoot Skinner, the other two to chip in \$500 apiece to pay the slayer's fine. But Pete was dreadfully quick on the trigger and extremely watchful. He might kill the man to whom the lot fell. If so, what next? Would one of the others take up the fight? And, if the second fell, would the other go the same way? This ending of the conspiracy would be barren of results.

It looked as if the only reliable way of getting rid of Skinner was to lay in wait for him and shoot him in the back. But the parties concerned not only shrank from an unfair proceeding even with an incubus on the town like Skinner, but knew that to perpetrate such a scheme would bring upon them the contempt of their fellow citizens.

One of the trio, Gus Harbeson, volunteered to pit himself against Skinner. He was to give Skinner cause to kill him. This looked very unselfish, very noble, on the part of Harbeson, but he said that he was intending to try to get an advantage over his enemy that would put him under ground instead of himself. He didn't say how he proposed to accomplish this desirable result, for it was not necessary that he should do so, and his plans might leak out.

Harbeson had been considered the black sheep of his family. He had run away from home when a boy and entered the service of a telegraph company. From there he had gone to sea. After two years before the mast he drifted west in a prairie schooner and now at twenty-two found himself a miner. Young and strong, he feared nothing. Besides, he was in love and had suddenly become sensible of the fact that he should do something to counteract his record, that his sweet-heart might be the more inclined to listen to his suit.

Dave Perkins told the girls that a movement was on foot to eliminate Skinner, begging them to wait awhile and they consented. A week passed, and Skinner was still alive. The young ladies resumed their packing. The citizens who had hoped for much when they had adopted the plan for building the church were discouraged. Skinner seemed to be gathering courage, for he was heard to say that if he did lay himself liable to the fine he didn't believe the committee would dare in his case to attempt its collection. This indicated that he had prepared for a desperate fight and that some of the committee must be sacrificed in order to get rid of him.

The despondency was at bottom level when one morning Skinner emerged from the Empire saloon and, turning eastward, sauntered down the street. He literally bristled with weapons, for he understood that his fellow townsmen wished to get rid of him, and he was resolved that if they did some of them must first bite the dust. There were a number of persons out. But this morning instead of looking at the walking fortress they were staring in the opposite direction at Gus Harbeson, who a few moments after Skinner's appearance had emerged from his own cabin with a very remarkable hat on his head.

"By gum," exclaimed a citizen, "ef Harbe hain't got one o' them machines the hatters in big cities put on a man's head to take his measure!"

Harbeson walked down the street, receiving the jeers of the citizens. Skinner looked at him with the rest, and the desperado's face broke into a grin. As he and Harbeson drew near together Skinner called out:

"What y' makin' a guy o' y'self that a-way for?"

"Who says I'm makin' a guy o' myself?" retorted Harbeson.

"Y' know y're doin' it y'self," replied Skinner bristling.

"You say that again!" cried Harbeson angrily.

The bystanders began to get out of the way. There was not a sign of a weapon about Harbeson, but they knew that if he kept up that kind of talk with Skinner a bullet would go through him and might hurt some one else.

"What y' mean sass'n' me that way?" snarled Skinner, putting his hand to his hip.

The band of Harbeson's hat was pierced with little round holes. From one of these holes came a puff of smoke. Skinner staggered, put his hand to his hip and got a revolver mid-way between his waist and his chin when Harbeson inclined his head about five degrees, several simultaneous puffs and reports followed, and Skinner's arm was shattered. Harbeson then turned his head in a horizontal circle. There were more explosions through his miniature portholes, and Skinner fell dead.

By this time every man, woman and child in Deadshot was out of doors to learn what was going on. When those nearest the scene of action saw what had happened they raised a joyf' shout, which was taken up by those who were next and borne on down the thoroughfare till it reached the limits of the town. Then all crowded around Harbeson to examine the hat fort he wore on his head. He showed them a battery in the small of his back connected by wires with little guns in his handpiece, while other wires ran down his arms, ending in circuit keys in his hands.

Skinner was buried the same day, and the citizens, after celebrating their relief from gun rule, held a meeting at which they levied a tax on themselves for funds to build the church. The three lovers and their girls were married at a triple wedding, and the name of the town was changed from Deadshot to Harbeson.

THE DISPATCH BEARER

A Story For Memorial Day

By Captain F. A. MITCHEL

It was the summer of 1862. General McClellan was moving up the peninsula lying between the James and the York rivers. Somewhere to the north of Richmond between that city and Washington was an army under General McDowell.

One day an officer wearing the blue uniform of the United States and the yellow shoulder straps of a captain of cavalry, followed by an orderly, was riding amid the dust kicked up by his horse midway between these two armies. The hour was noon, the day was hot, and the horses of both officer and orderly were jaded. Coming to a plantation in the center of which stood a manor house bearing the architectural marks of having been built in colonial times, the captain turned his horse's head in between two stone pillars and rode up the lane under arched trees, making straight for the stable. There, dismounting, he strode toward the door, which stood open. A dandy, sitting on a barrel, arose as he approached.

"Got any fresh horses in here, uncle?" said the captain.

"No fresh horses, marse. Got two horses in dar dat was 'pressed into de service ob de south'n men, and dey's all worn out."

"Can't help it. They've had some rest since then, and mine can't go a mile further."

"Can I be of service to you, suh?" asked a voice from behind the captain, who turned and saw a gentleman wearing clothes that, though they had long before disappeared from the north, were still in fashion among a few planters of the south—a beaver hat, a high shirt collar with plenty of neckwear, a ruffled shirt, blue coat with brass buttons and trousers strapped down over his instep. There was something in his thoroughbred manner that made the captain ashamed of going into his stables and taking possession of his horses.

"I am sorry to be obliged, sir," said the officer in an apologetic tone, "to impress a moment for myself and my orderly into the United States service."

"If you will do me the honah, suh, to stop with me fo' an hour I can give you what you wish. My horses will be ready by that time to do a few hours' work. I am Thomas Randolph, suh, and it gives me pleasure to welcome you onto my plantation."

"I am Captain Cartwright of the—United States cavalry. I certainly need something to eat; but, being a bearer of dispatches, I do not feel at liberty to delay."

At the mention of the dispatches Mr. Randolph's eyes took on a peculiar look. "Crafty look," Captain Cartwright went on, "and tired and hungry to boot. It is that the planter had any objection to his subsequent words except in referring to his hunger."

"What y' mean, suh, to give you, suh," said the planter, "only some chicken, but my cook knows how to fry it deliciously, and some fine sweet potatoes that melt in y' mouth. Her co' pone is also excellent."

"Enough, sir," cried the captain. "No man, furnished as I am, can resist that bill of luxuries. I'll dine with you with pleasure. Let me see—taking out his watch—"It is now 12 o'clock. Do you think your horses will be rested by 2?"

"I think so, suh. This way, suh." Then to the dandy, "Pete, take the gentlemen's horses into the stable and give them a good feed, and tell Sam to give the captain's orderly all he can eat fo' dinner."

Mr. Randolph led Captain Cartwright into the house and, asking him to be seated for a few moments in the drawing room, left him. After some time he returned with a negro and said:

"This is my own body servant, Jim. He will show you to a room where you will find the wherewithal fo' getting off the dirt of the road. When you have done so come down, and dinner will be served."

Jim led the way up the winding staircase to a spacious chamber containing an enormous four post bedstead with curtains above and valance below and other furniture of a corresponding pattern. The dandy poured water into a great china bowl. The captain unbuckled his belt, from which hung his revolver and saber, and threw them on a chair. Then he took off his coat, rolled up his shirt sleeves and plunged his head into the water.

Jim took up the coat and brushed it carefully while his owner was spluttering in the water. When Cartwright had finished his ablutions Jim stood holding the coat ready to help him on with it. After this had been done the captain placed his hand on his breast pocket, and, feeling the envelope, was satisfied that his dispatches were still there and with a refreshed look on his face went downstairs.

Mr. Randolph received him cordially, glancing inquiringly at Jim, who was coming down the staircase behind the captain. What he saw in the negro's face evidently pleased him very much, for he renewed his attentions to his guest to such an extent that Cartwright began to suspect his host to be one of those Virginians who adhered to the Union cause. A dandy announced that

ginner was ready, and the two went into the dining room, where they found the Randolph family waiting for them. Those at home were Mrs. Randolph, a stately lady, and her two daughters, Carey and Julia, very pretty girls. The sons were all serving in the Confederate army.

"On which side of the fracas are your sympathies, madam?" asked Cartwright.

The husband and father took it upon himself to reply. "The fracas, as you call it, suh," he said, "is being disposed of by the armies of the respective sides. We noncombatants have nothing to do with the settlement. We intend to treat you no'the'ners when you come to us as o'ah guests. Let me help you, suh, to some mo' of the chicken. Do you prefer the white meat or the dark?"

Cartwright would have preferred both, but, that being out of the question, he said either would do, and doubtless he could have eaten even the bones. Besides, he was observing Carey Randolph, whose southern beauty was especially pleasing to him. The dinner proceeded with marked attention on the part of all the family to the young captain, who, in the presence of a southern matron and her two attractive daughters, strove to make himself as agreeable as possible. The dinner finished, he was conducted to the drawing room, where he sat in the most comfortable chair in the room, surrounded by the Randolph family.

Nothing of moment occurred during this after dinner companionship except that the captain, looking out of a window, saw Jim, Mr. Randolph's body servant, riding down the lane leading from the house to the road. Then in a few minutes the officer saw his orderly, Mike Finegan, riding full tilt in the same direction.

Presently Cartwright saw Mike riding leisurely back and felt relieved. Rising, he thanked the members of the family for their southern hospitality, which he declared was famed all over the world. All were extremely gracious to him and hoped that the fortunes of war would bring him their way again. Mr. Randolph assured him that he would always find a welcome at the manor house. There was an unobserved pressure of the hand between Cartwright and Miss Carey Randolph and a soft look between the two. Then the captain went out, called for the horses to take him and his orderly on their way, and, mounting amid many goodbyes, he rode away with Mike at the regulation forty paces in his rear.

They had not gone far before Mike called, "Captain!"

"What is it?"

"Are ye shure de dispatches are all right?"

"Yes." And the captain felt his breast with his fingers.

"Wouldn't it be well to take 'em out and look at 'em? Them people is bad secess."

"They're fine people, anyway," replied Cartwright. But he unbuttoned his coat, took out the envelope and looked at it with astonishment. There was no address or army stamp on the upper left hand corner. Tearing off the cover, he exposed blank paper.

"Great heavens!" he exclaimed.

"What is it, sorr?" asked Mike, riding up beside his superior.

"I've been tricked. Some one has substituted this for the dispatches."

"Bogorra, that's bad!" exclaimed Mike.

The captain was pale and trembling. What excuse could he give for his inattention, his trustfulness? His delinquency had wrecked McClellan's army.

"O'ho," he said, "draw your revolver and put a bullet through my brains; then destroy this blank paper, ride on to General McClellan and tell him that we were attacked on our way and robbed of the dispatches. You'll do that for me, won't you?"

"O'm thinkin', captain, that there's a better way o' doin' it."

"What way?"

"Presintin' the real dispatches."

"But they're gone."

"They might come back."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, sorr, they say all the nagurs of the south is wid us. One of 'em isn't, I know—that black spalpeen, the planter's body servant. I was eatin' me dinner, and I saw 'im goin' out to the stable, puttin' somepin that looked like the dispatches in his shirt. Thin he kem out wid a horse, mounted and made off. Rushin' to the stable, I took a horse and followed 'im. I caught 'im on the road and fired at 'im, bringin' 'im to a halt. 'O'll trouble ye for the papers in your shirt, I said. 'What papers?' he asked. For a reply I cut off his ear wid a bullet from me revolver. Wid that he tuk the papers from under his shirt next his dirty black skin, and here they are."

The captain seized the envelope, took out the contents, satisfied himself that they were really the dispatches, then fell on his orderly's neck.

"But how in the world could the rascal have got them?" asked the captain, wondering.

"I dunno, sorr. I only know he had 'em."

"There's but one way," the captain went on, half to himself and half to Mike. "He brushed my coat. Doubtless he made the transfer then. But I can't understand how he happened to have the dummy."

"Well, sorr," Mike put in, "before the nagur carried the wather upstairs for you I saw the planter hand it to 'im."

"I see it all," said the captain. "It was a neat trick, and but for you—"

He embraced Mike again.

After the surrender Captain Cartwright went to Virginia and married Miss Carey Randolph. Then that which might have destroyed an army and ruined the dispatch bearer became simply an interesting episode.

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Goethe as a Joker.

On an occasion when Goethe was staying at the court of Saxe-Weimar with his friend Duke Charles Augustus one of the court ladies, when about to retire for the night, found her candle suddenly extinguished just before she reached her bedroom door. Taking no notice of the occurrence, she groped along in the dark, but to her astonishment could not find the door handle. Again and again she felt her way along the wall, but with the same result. At last she made up her mind to go to the duchess for advice. The latter, however, was already asleep, and no help was to be had from her. The poor lady did not care to take any one else into her confidence for fear of being laughed at and so spent some hours in vain search, only to find at last that Goethe and the duke himself had with their own hands taken the door off its hinges some time earlier in the evening and carefully walled up the entrance to the room.

Sounded That Way.

Miss Brown was giving an elaborate description of a blacksmith preparatory to teaching Longfellow's poem to her pupils:

"Now, children, we are going to learn a poem today about some one who works very hard. He is very large and has great arms that can lift such heavy things. His face is blackened with soot that comes from his great blazing fires. And he wears a dirty black apron, and he has a fire that glows, oh, so red, and whenever he makes anything he puts it into his fire and then pounds it with a great big hammer, which makes the loudest clanging noise and makes the sparks fly about in every direction. Now, you can tell me what I have been describing?"

A little maid who had listened to these vivid details with eyes twice their natural size sprang to her feet and said in an awed whisper:

"The devil!"—Housekeeper.

Her Busy Life.

"Aunt Martha spends all day long hiding her silver in fifty different places to defeat the burglars she perfectly sure are coming here."

"Goodness!"

"And she spends all night hunting for it and gathering it into one pile in case of fire!"—Harper's Bazar.

Erudition.

Dorothy (looking up from her book)—What is an apse? Jacky (in a superior way)—I dunno exactly. Something in a cathedral, I think. Dorothy—Oh, is it? I thought it was that thing Cleopatra killed herself with—Metropolitan Magazine.

The Old Story.

The Queen—Where is his majesty? The Maid—The king is in his counting room counting out his money. The Queen—Good heavens! I hope he won't miss that ten dollar bill I took out of his vest last night!—Chicago News.

Carelessness.

The Young Doctor—Just think, six of my patients recovered this week. The Old Doctor—It's your own fault, my boy. You spend too much time at the club.

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Got His Extra Cutlet.
The Brazilian nabob Baron Pereau was as miserly in trifles as he was extravagant in other directions. It was one of his peculiarities never to let servants, and the waiters of the various hotels at which he sojourned were for that reason not partial to him. One morning while staying at the magnificent Maux hotel, in Rio de Janeiro, he came down to breakfast and ordered a cutlet. After he had eaten it he ordered a second. "Baron," said the head waiter maliciously, "it's a custom with us never to serve the same course twice at a meal." "Is that so?" said Pereau, and rising from his seat, he left the room. In ten minutes he came back into the dining room. "Waiter," said he, "I have just bought this hotel and am master here now. As you will not be able to get accustomed to my plan of serving guests according to their wishes, you are dismissed at once." Thereupon he took up his napkin again and called to another waiter. "Now bring me another cutlet!"—Ar gonaut.

Society of Poisoners.
Arsenic has perhaps been more frequently used than any other poison for criminal purposes. It has been proved identical with the "wonderful elixir" of the seventeenth century, when secret poisoning became so frequent in Italy. Then young widows were abundant in Rome, and most of the unhappy marriages were speedily dissolved by the death of the husband. A secret society of young matrons was discovered, which met at the house of La Spina, a reputed witch who supplied them with a slow, tasteless, colorless poison, carefully calculated to kill a husband in just the time that suited the purchaser. La Spina and thirteen of her companions were hanged, a large number of the culprits were whipped half naked through the streets of Rome, while others of the highest rank escaped with heavy fines and banishment.

Coal and the Arts.
An intimate connection between coal and the arts is seen in the career of Thomas Britton, the celebrated musical small coal man. Over his coal shop in Jerusalem passage, Clerkenwell, he established in 1878 a music club, where every Thursday for nearly forty years was held a concert, at which Handel and all the greatest musicians of the day performed. To a love of music Britton joined a knowledge of bibliography, which brought him into contact with Harley, earl of Oxford, and other collectors. But he continued until his death in 1714 to sell coal in the streets of London and would frequently join his noble patrons on a book hunting expedition at tired in his blue smock and with the coal sack he had been carrying all day over his arm.—London Chronicle.

Balzac's Passwords.
It was not easy to make one's way into Balzac's house at Chaillet, Rue des Battoires, for it was guarded like the garden of the Hesperides. Two or three passwords were necessary, which were changed frequently for fear they should become known. I remember a few. To the porter we said, "The plum season has come," on which he allowed us to cross the threshold. To the servant who rushed to the staircase when the bell rang it was necessary to murmur, "I bring some brussels lace," and if you assured him that "Mme. Bertrand was quite well" you were admitted forthwith. This nonsense amused Balzac immensely, and it was perhaps necessary to keep out bores and other visitors still more disagreeable.—Miss Wormley's "Memoir of Balzac."

England's Largest House.
The proud distinction of being the largest house in England is generally accorded to Lord Fitzwilliam's Yorkshire seat, Wentworth Woodhouse. Of this house it is said that the three principal entrances are so far apart from each other that visitors are advised to bring three hats with them, one to be kept at each point of access. A house which is 920 feet long, has a hall in which two average suburban villas could be comfortably placed and boasts a room for every two days of the year is certainly large enough to satisfy any reasonable ambition.—Exchange.

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THE CLOSED DOOR

Its Secret Is Finally Revealed

By CLARISSA MACKIE

The landlord of the Foxboro inn drew aside the heavy curtain and looked out into the gathering dusk. He dropped the drapery and turned back into the pleasant, fire lit smoking room, where Frank Landis was enjoying an after dinner pipe of tobacco.

"I advise you not to set out tonight, Mr. Landis," warned the landlord as he went back to his chair.

"It's only ten miles to Riverbank. I can make it in half an hour," protested Landis, knocking the ashes from his pipe and placing it in his pocket.

"You don't understand this clay soil, Mr. Landis. I'm apparently trying to retain a very popular guest here overnight; but, on the contrary, I'm actually worried about you."

"Thanks, Smith; I believe you," said the other heartily, "but I've promised to be in Riverbank tonight, and I'm going to try for it if I have to walk part of the way."

"Very well, then. I'll try to make you as comfortable as possible. Do you want Joe to bring your car around?"

"If you please," Landis was shrugging himself into a heavy motorcoat and tying a leather cap over his ears. The storm was plainly audible now. The wind howled dismally, and the rain poured against the windowpanes in a drumming accompaniment.

"I may be making a mistake," he hesitated, sotto voce, "but I promised Robinson I'd get that money to him tonight. No one could have suspected that I started forth with ten thousand in cash in my pockets to help my old friend out of a tight squeeze, so why should I be afraid of a holdup? Brace up, Frank, my lad! I believe this confoundedly comfortable room has softened you against braving the storm. If my reaching there tonight will save Robinson a few hours' worry I'll do it."

Ten minutes later his little runabout moved swiftly down the bluestone driveway from the Foxboro Inn.

The lamplights cut the darkness like a knife. The directions were simple enough. "Straight ahead," Smith had said, and straight ahead the road led between high wooded banks. The trees groaned and creaked as the wind and rain lashed at them; the heavy rain swished against the protecting hood and drowned the noise of the motor.

For a short distance the road was comparatively smooth and hard. Then it grew softer, and the machine labored heavily. Beyond the triangular points of light on the sticky soil ahead of the car all was midnight blackness.

"If I've got to stick fast I hope it will be in front of the halfway house," muttered Landis as the little machine bumped and tottered over the rutty road.

For awhile the way lay smoother, and then again it became impassable. All at once the runabout seemed to sink up to the hubs in mud, grunted helplessly and at last was silent and motionless as Landis shut off the power.

"The devil!" quoth Landis, thrusting his head from beneath the apron and surveying the blackness all about him. "What am I to do?"

He climbed out of the machine and stepped down into the oozy mud. It was over his shoe tops. He detached one of the lamps and threw its white glare into the blackness.

What he saw was far from reassuring. On either side of him tall trees bent their heads to a wild gray sky and a downpour of rain. A little beyond him there seemed a break in the trees, and after turning the light steadily upon it for a few minutes he could discern the ruins of an old house.

There were a broken backed roof and a sagging porch across the front, gaping windows and from somewhere the rushing roar of a river.

"The halfway house?" ejaculated Landis in dismay. "Well, I guess I better tramp back to the Foxboro Inn or else spend the night in the car."

He turned swiftly, suddenly aware that something was happening to the car. There was a strong smell of gasoline and then a roar and upward rush of flames from the stalled machine.

The heavy rain partly extinguished the flames as fast as they found new foothold, but there were plenty of protected parts that furnished fuel for the flames.

The glare lighted up the dark roadway, and as Landis stared, for the moment stunned by the unexplained happening, a dark figure appeared on the other side of the car, scrambled and slipped up the embankment and melted into the darkness beyond the circle of flame.

Then was Landis aroused to action. He was about to climb the embankment in pursuit of that mysterious fleeing form when he saw that it had dropped down to the road once more a hundred feet beyond and was crossing rapidly over to the ruined halfway house.

As he looked the flames that enveloped the car were extinguished by the steady downpour of rain, and all was dark again.

"I guess it won't be a dull night if I can lay my hands on that individual!" he muttered as he plunged through the mud toward the halfway house.

Ahead of him other feet hurried toward the house. They were always in advance of him—up the broken steps to the sagging porch—within the creaking door into the mysterious gloom of the deserted house.

Landis hesitated there in the hall. Tiptoeing up the stairs was a man's tall, lean form. Landis only saw his spare back and thin legs clad in black trousers with a loose raincoat flapping about his feet.

As the beam from the pocket lamp shot athwart the wall at his right the man leaped upward out of range of it.

Although danger and perhaps death lurked there at the head of the stairs, Landis was determined to end the mystery that had come upon him with the burning of the car. He extinguished the lamp, and, with his revolver ready, he crept silently up the stairs, alert for a sound from the man waiting above.

He saw nothing, heard nothing.

As he reached the head of the stairs something rushed at him out of the gloom—something that twined long arms about him and tried to throw him backward down the stairs.

"Let go or I'll shoot!" warned Landis as he struggled with the man.

There was no reply, only his assailant took a fresh hold. Lean fingers strove to catch at the motorist's throat, but the heavy fur coat served Landis a good turn now. He was enabled to wriggle out of its folds, which he left in the man's hands, while he plunged recklessly into the darkness. He banged into a solid wall, followed it down to an open doorway and turned into a room just as the man came running lightly after him.

Landis snatched on his light and saw a square room with a closed door in the rear wall. The door must lead to another room, and there was a wooden bar fitted into a socket that secured it. Two windows in the room were without glass, and through them the rain beat relentlessly, and the roar of the river was very plain.

Landis saw this in one sweeping glance before his assailant appeared in the doorway—a tall, lean form of a man with glaring black eyes and fierce smile.

"Robinson!" yelled Landis. "You! Why, man, what are you doing here? I was on my way to take the money to you."

"I know it," laughed the other fiendishly. "I know it. I've tracked you from Foxboro. I'll take the money now—now, Landis! Hand it over or by heaven you'll never leave this house alive!"

Landis stared. Was his friend mad? This Robinson was the man he was going to serve—to lend him \$10,000, for which he had the cash in his pockets.

"You'll get the money in proper form in Riverbank tomorrow morning, Jim," he said calmly.

"I'll have it now. I shall never go back to Riverbank. I'm going to South America, and I need it to start afresh with. If I make a pile you'll get it back. If I don't, you won't be bothered with me again."

"You're crazy," said Landis, turning to the other door. "Come with me, Jim, and forget your worries. You've had a lot of trouble, and I guess you're pretty nervous. Come along, and walk back to Riverbank!"

"Never!" yelled the crazed financier leaping at Landis, who ducked and ran for the closed door.

Robinson was upon him instantly, curved his long fingers around his benefactor's neck and choked him into half consciousness. Then when Landis sank limply to the floor, powerless to check his assailant, the other's fingers searched his clothing for the \$10,000 in cash.

He snatched at Landis' leather wallet, and the fallen man watched him in helpless anger as the robber opened it and saw the thick mass of banknotes. Still holding it in his hand, Robinson kicked Landis away from the closed door, thrust up the bar, opened the door, passed through, slamming the door behind him.

Landis thought he heard Robinson yell once after that, but the wind and rain and rush of the river drowned all other sounds.

The electric pocket lamp lay on the floor, its white glare lighting the bare boards and throwing the upper part of the room in deep shadow. Landis lay there for several hours before he could arouse himself from the stupor which had resulted from Robinson's brutal attack upon him.

Then the first gray light of dawn gave him courage to rouse himself and investigate. The first thing he did was to open the closed door to find where his assailant had fled.

As it swung inward Landis uttered a startled cry and stepped back.

The door opened into empty space. It overhung the rushing river, and the balcony that had once adorned that second story room had fallen off no one knew when.

Jim Robinson, his false friend, had stepped through that door into eternity.

Landis leaned forth, faint and sick with apprehension.

There was no sign of Robinson, but caught among the rocks below was Landis' leather wallet, containing the little fortune.

Hours afterward, when Landis arrived in Riverbank with a farmer's wagon towing what was left of his little runabout, he found the little town in an uproar of excitement.

James Robinson, its principal citizen, had fallen, and his dead body had just been washed up on the banks near the railroad bridge.

They said it was a clear case of suicide, but Landis had seen his false friend walk through the door that separated life from death, and he knew the truth.

WAVERLY BRANDS

76

SPECIAL MOTOR

are the products of more than 30 years' experience. Three brands—
76°—Special—Motor
Power Without Carbon
Waverly gasoline is all refined, distilled and treated—contains no "natural" gasolines, which are crude and unrefined and which carry the maximum of carbon-producing elements.
Waverly Oil Works Co., Pittsburg, Pa.
Independent Refiners
Makers of Waverly Special Auto Oil

MEERSCHAUM MINING.

The Pits at Nemlau Have Been Worked For Twenty Centuries.

Meerschaum mines at Nemlau have been worked for 2,000 years. It is claimed, and the process is quite simple. The mines, which at one time reached from Kahe to Mihalitch, on the sea of Mar moria, are concentrated around the city of Eski-Shehr and give employment to some 5,000 miners.

The mines are worked in the most primitive manner by a foreman and two to five workmen with picks. The depths of the pits vary greatly and depend upon the depth at which a red dish brown earth is met, which is the first indication of the existence of meerschaum.

Sometimes this red earth is found only a few yards beneath the surface, but ordinarily at a depth of twenty yards, often forty and even sixty. In this layer of red earth meerschaum is found, disseminated in nuggets of irregular shape. The size of these rare, exceeds twice to sixteen cubic inches. The greater part are of the size of a walnut. No explosives are used, the ground being soft.

Almost the entire output of this article is exported to Vienna and thence distributed to the various European countries and to the United States, the latter buying only the finest selections.

Well and Truly Laid.

The laying of the British royal table is attended with considerable ceremony. First come the "upholsterers," whose duty it is to see that the table is in its proper place and in good condition to bear its precious burden of gold and silver plate.

The weight of the famous Flaxman service designed for George IV. is so tremendous as to justify fully this precaution. The upholsterers give place to the "table deckers," who arrange the snowy napery worked with the royal arms and the plainly folded serviettes. Fairful shapes are inadmissible on the royal table. This accomplished, there enter the "yeomen of the silver pantry," whose task it is to place the silver in position. The "deckers" then arrange the flowers, after which the royal table is considered "well and truly laid."

The Deep Sea Lead.

In order to find a ship's position when approaching the land in a fog soundings are taken with the "deep sea lead." This lead weighs twenty-eight pounds and is attached to a line which is marked off in fathoms by bunting of various colors, pieces of leather and knots. Bored in the base of the lead is a hole about two inches deep, and this is filled with tallow, so that the gravel or shells at the bottom will adhere to it, and the nature of the lead may be thus ascertained. When the lead is thrown overboard the water's depth is noted on the line, and this and the adherence to the tallow when compared with the description given on the chart will give the ship's position with tolerable accuracy.

Do not forget to read the story of the man who was cured of his heart trouble by Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy.

Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy.

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Central R. R. of Penna. Train Schedule.

Leave, Bellefonte for Mill Hall 7:05 A. M., 2:20 and 6:45 P. M.
Leave, Mill Hall for Bellefonte, 8:37 A. M., 3:55 and 8:35 P. M.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD.
On and after Monday, Jan. 20, 1909 trains will run as follows from the P. R. R. station.

TRAINS TO STATE COLLEGE.

WESTWARD.	A. M.		P. M.	
	1	2	3	4
Lv. Bellefonte	6:30	10:15	2:00	
Coleville	6:35	10:20	2:07	
Morris	6:40	10:25	2:12	
Stevens	6:45	10:30	2:17	
Hunters Park	6:50	10:35	2:22	
Pittsburg	6:55	10:40	2:27	
Brilliant	7:00	10:45	2:32	
Waddies	7:05	10:50	2:37	
Krumpholtz	7:10	10:55	2:42	
State College	7:15	11:00	2:47	
Strubbs	7:20	11:05	2:52	
Boonsdorf	7:25	11:10	2:57	
Pine Grove Mills	7:30	11:15	3:02	

*Daily, 2 Daily except Sunday, "T" Stop Bag

TRAINS FROM STATE COLLEGE.

EASTWARD.	A. M.		P. M.	
	1	2	3	4
Lv. Pine Grove Mills	7:35			3:30
Boonsdorf	7:40			3:35
Strubbs	7:45			3:40
State College	7:50			3:45
Krumpholtz	7:55			3:50
Waddies	8:00			3:55
Brilliant	8:05			4:00
Pittsburg	8:10			4:05
Hunters Park	8:15			4:10
Stevens	8:20			4:15
Morris	8:25			4:20
Coleville	8:30			4:25
Bellefonte	8:35			4:30

Morning trains from Montandon, Lewisburg, Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 3 and 5 for State College. Trains from trains from Montandon, Lewisburg, Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 5 for State College. Trains from State College connect with Penna. R. R. trains at Bellefonte to points east and west.

F. H. THOMAS, Supt.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOR BACKACHE, KIDNEY AND BLADDER

OVER 65 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

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To The Ladies!

Mrs. Bertha Rupp is having a Complete Line of Famous and Perfect Fitting, for all figures,

CORSETS

and will be glad to have the ladies call and be fitted.

Prices \$1.00 and Upward

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426 East College Avenue,

STATE COLLEGE, - PENNA.

Use Allen's Foot-Ease.

The antiseptic powder to shoe into the shoes. Makes tight or new shoes feel easy. Relieves painful, swollen tender, sweating, itching feet and takes the sting out of corns and bunions. Sold everywhere, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample free. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Don't Forget

That our years of experience in the lumbering business from stump to building is an asset to you if you buy from us any kind of building material.

WE ARE SELLING AGENT FOR

PAROID ROOFING

which is the best we know of. Don't forget the name. There are other makes named to deceive the unwary buyer. We alone sell Paroid in Centre Co.

Something New. Hazelwood Flooring.

Ceiling, Wainscoting and Finish, ready to fill and oil. It is beautiful, valuable and durable at less cost than other and less durable wood. We also sell genuine

Red Cedar Shingles

from the Pacific Coast (Not the Michigan White Cedar.)

On same terms and conditions we will furnish building material as low or lower than the mail order houses and you will keep your money circulating at home where you may get some of it back again in course of business.

We have for sale cheap, a lot of used Machinery, Engines, etc. Also shop-soiled Sash Doors, Moulding, etc. Come or write before buying elsewhere.

P. B. CRIDER & SON,

Office, Yard and Mill at Lamb St. Bridge. Bellefonte, Pa.

Here and There.

Moose picnic at Hecla Park today.

Mrs. A. O. Furst is visiting with her brother, William Chamberlin, in Milton.

Dr. L. E. Kidder, of Boalsburg, was a Bellefonte visitor between trains last Saturday.

For choice perfumes there is nothing to exceed the "Harmony Intense" sold at Green's.

Mrs. Frank Wescott departed on Saturday for a ten days' visit with friends in Punxsutawney.

Mrs. Margaret Lloyd Robinson, of Bellefonte, is visiting with Mrs. C. H. Davis, in Philipsburg.

Warden Francis is entertaining George E. Tener, a brother of the Governor, at the bungalow.

Miss Margaret McDonnell, of Unionville, this week visited with Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Nolan, at Tyrone.

Miss Adelle Harrar, who visited for a time with Mrs. John Curtin, returned on Tuesday to her home in Williamsport.

Miss Myra A. Stover, of Millheim, was a member of this year's graduating class the Millersville State Normal School.

John P. Harris, Jr., of Mount Union, was a visitor over Sunday at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John P. Harris.

EVERYTHING IN AIKENS store reduced during the month of JULY. This means EVERY ARTICLE and for the entire month.

M. W. Swabb, identified with the police department in Johnstown, this week visited with his brother-in-law, Sheriff A. B. Lee.

Dr. Silas Quimby, who has been visiting in the New England states for the last three months, is home with his daughter, Mrs. Horatio Moore.

Miss Sarah Potter is quite ill at her home on East Linn Street. She is suffering from inflammatory rheumatism and has a trained nurse in attendance.

One of the handsomest automobiles in Bellefonte is the new Buick touring car, just purchased by J. McC. Davis, proprietor of the Garman House.

Ralph Cole and Philip Haag, two Bellefonte young boys, last week departed for Denver, Colorado, where they expect to secure employment.

Miss Elizabeth Orndorf, of Jackson, who was a patient in the Lock Haven hospital undergoing treatment, was able to return to her home last Saturday.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Margaret Thomas, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Thomas, and Wallace H. Gephart, general superintendent of the Central Railroad of Pennsylvania.

Mrs. Joseph L. Montgomery on Saturday afternoon, last, entertained at the Country Club in honor of Mrs. Hart, of Chester, Miss Adelle Harrar, of Williamsport, and Mrs. Charles K. Rath, of Elizabeth, N. J.

Mrs. John Wilson and daughters, Venetia and Anna, of Osceola Mills, returned to their home on Monday, after a most delightful visit of several weeks with Mrs. Wilson's brother, Frank Millward, at Pleasant Gap.

Contractor R. B. Taylor this week shipped his big steam road roller out to Washington County, where he will use upon his State highway contract. He figures that it will require about four months to do the work.

Announcement received by Bellefonte friends of the groom tell of the marriage on June 29th, at Glamis, Bethlehem, New Hampshire, of Supreme Court Justice Robert von Moschizker, of Philadelphia, and Miss Anne Macbeth, of Pittsburg.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Morris and Mrs. A. O. Furst last week motored to Huntingdon, where they attended the graduating exercises at the State reformatory. On their return they spent the night at the Fairview Country Club, at Penna. Furnace.

The Furst-Curtin fishing camp on Fishing creek was closed on Saturday. The boys had a most successful trip. On Saturday evening John Curtin returned from the camp with a basket of beauties. All were brook trout, the largest measuring not quite 15 inches.

J. Edward Decker, who has been quite ill in the Bellefonte hospital, returned to his home at Pine Grove Mills on Tuesday. His condition has improved sufficiently to warrant his leaving the hospital, but he will be compelled to remain in bed at his home for the next ten days or two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. James Bergstresser, of Pittsburg, are entertaining a house party at the Country Club, their guests being Miss Anita Flynn and Thomas Watson, of Pittsburg, and Mr. and Mrs. Hugh N. Crider, of Bellefonte. Mrs. Bergstresser will be recalled by her Bellefonte friends as formerly Miss Eleanor Franciscus, of Tyrone.

With the exception of Charles R. Kurtz, a delegate-at-large, the Centre Countians who last week went down to Baltimore for the Democratic national convention, arrived home either before or on Sunday. Uncertainty as to the time for making nominations prompted them to return home and get down to business without waiting to see the polling of the decisive ballot.

Billy Royer came down from Tyrone on Saturday to make arrangements for the annual picnic of the men from the Pennsylvania Railroad shops, which will be held at Hecla Park. A recent order by the company requires that all picnics and outings by men be held on Tuesdays and Wednesdays. The reason for this is that railroad officers and employees are the only persons left who may ride on the good, old-fashioned passes, and with no tickets being lifted by conductors on railroaders picnic trains the company naturally wants its coaches for use on Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays, the heavy traffic days of the week.

Charles K. Rath, of Elizabeth, N. J., who is identified with the passenger department of the Delaware, Lackawanna, & Western Railroad, arrived in Bellefonte today, planning to return home tonight, accompanied by Mrs. Rath, who has been visiting for the last two weeks at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Crider. Miss Rebecca Jacobs, of Millin, who has been visiting several days at the Crider home, will also go to Elizabeth for a brief visit.

For a real fine smoke go to Green's.

Mrs. S. M. Nissley is entertaining her sister, Miss Miller, of McKeesport.

Bellefonters who do not go to Hecla Park today will have a safe and sane Fourth at home.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Cassidy on Sunday, last, celebrated their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary.

Miss Margaret Rosenhoover, of Philadelphia, is visiting with her parents and friends in Bellefonte.

Miss Marie Dawson, of Philadelphia, is visiting with her grandfather, Theodore Cherry, on Thomas Street.

Miss Elizabeth Gray, of Renovo, is being entertained at the home of her sister, Mrs. George Waite, Jr.

Stewart Rockey, a Pennsylvania Railroad man at Altoona, attended the Noah Rockey funeral on Tuesday.

Mrs. John Blanchard and little son, Edmund, and nurse, returned home on Tuesday night from Yonkers, N. Y.

Miss Helen Moore, who greatly enjoyed a visit at the T. Clayton Brown home, returned on Friday, last, to Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. Blair Mattern, of Pitscurn, are visiting with the latter's mother, Mrs. Alice Stover, in Coleville.

Mrs. Alice Kane is in Altoona, enjoying a visit with her daughters, Mrs. George Jodon, Mrs. Roy Stover and Mrs. Guy Kling.

EVERYTHING IN AIKENS store reduced during the month of JULY. This means EVERY ARTICLE and for the entire month.

A. D. Tanyer, of State College, spent several days in town, looking after his official duties as head of the local Moose organization.

Mrs. Harry Taylor and little daughter, Nancy, who now make their home in Rochester, N. Y., are visiting with Bellefonte friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl C. Tuten and children returned home on Saturday, after a very delightful visit with relatives in the New England States.

Mrs. Charles E. Dorworth on Tuesday was hostess at a picnic at Hecla Park, her guests being all the little tots on West Linn Street.

Mrs. Ralph Illingsworth, of Bedford, and her mother, Mrs. Henry Snyder, of State College, were shopping visitors to Bellefonte on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Decker, of Pine Grove Mills, were among those attending the funeral of the late Noah Rockey, at Millmore, on Tuesday.

Robert H. Irwin and family and Mrs. H. C. Yeager were in Altoona yesterday for the funeral of Mr. Irwin's brother, the late John J. Irwin, of that city.

We take pleasure in acknowledging receipt of a letter from Andrew J. Long, one of our valued subscribers in Chicago, advancing his subscription another year.

Mrs. Margaret Rhodes, of Iselin, Indiana County, visited in Bellefonte for a time with her sister, Mrs. William McClellan, and her brother, L. T. Munson, returning to her home on Tuesday.

Miss Blanche Bitner, of Bellefonte, was called to her home near Beech Creek last week to assist her father, George Bitner, who had a finger bitten off by a fractious horse.

Harold Kirk, who until recently was employed in the Pennsylvania Railroad shops at Renovo, will on Monday go to Pitscurn, at which place he has a position in the shops of the same company.

Miss Mildred Kirk, a graduate from the Bellefonte High School and who has been attending Bucknell University during the last two years, is visiting for the summer at the home of Dr. and Mrs. M. A. Kirk.

Mrs. William J. Musser, of Bellefonte, and her son, Boyd, of Altoona, will depart next week for what should prove to be a most delightful trip. They will visit in Illinois, Wisconsin and other western States.

"The Republican" respectfully acknowledges receipt of a letter from John F. Kaufman, one of our valued subscribers at Bald Eagle, in which he very thoughtfully advanced his subscription another year.

Louis Carpeneto will today open the Knisely pool and billiard room, in the Reynolds building, placing his son, George, in charge. Mr. Carpeneto bought the pool and billiard tables at the recent sale of the Knisely effects.

William Wolf, the brick layer and contractor, has just finished the pretty little private garage for Dr. David Dale, at the rear of the latter's home. William is kept pretty busy these days. His next job is on H. E. Zimmerman's new brick house, at Pleasant Gap, and from there he will go to work on Daniel Hall's new home at Unionville.

Harry Whiteman, of Milesburg, the up-to-date professional chef of Company L, Twelfth regiment N. G. P., was a Tyrone visitor on Tuesday. Mr. Whiteman is one of the best chefs that ever came down the pike and his services are always in demand. The soldier boys from Bellefonte will be well taken care of so long as they have Whiteman to look after them.—Tyrone Herald.

A pretty wedding was solemnized on Saturday evening at 8 o'clock at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Shope, on South Thomas Street, the contracting parties being their daughter, Miss Susan E. Shope, and Thomas S. VanBoskirk. The officiating minister was Rev. C. W. Winey, pastor of the United Brethren church. The groom is a resident of Northumberland. The bride is well and favorably known in Bellefonte and has a host of friends who wish her much happiness and prosperity.

There was quite a little reunion of the Dukemans over Sunday at the home of Chief of Police Harry Dukeman, on Lamb Street. His mother on Saturday underwent an operation at the Bellefonte hospital. His father, William Dukeman, of Curtin, and the several children were all in Bellefonte, not that they anticipated any bad results from the operation, but chiefly because they all felt that they wanted to be together at such a time. The operation was entirely satisfactory. In addition to the venerable William Dukeman and his son, Harry, those at the latter's home were his brothers and sister, William, Jr., and wife, and Harrison, of Clearfield, and Mrs. John Osman, of Sunbury.

Dr. DeLaun Stewart transacted business in Williamsport on Saturday.

Mrs. H. A. McKee, of near Pittsburg, is visiting at the home of Mrs. H. V. Stitzer.

The great summer drinks are "Liggett's Orangeade" and "Coca Cola." Cold as ice can make them at Green's.

EVERYTHING IN AIKENS store reduced during the month of JULY. This means EVERY ARTICLE and for the entire month.

Attorney G. W. Zeigler, of Philipsburg, who has been seriously ill for some time past, has sufficiently recovered to be able to go to Atlantic City this week.

Misses Elizabeth Morris and Sarah Hastings will next week go to Curwensville, where they will be guests at a home party at the home of Congressman and Mrs. Charles E. Patton.

J. B. Heberling and little son, of State College, spent several days in Bellefonte in order to be near to Mrs. Heberling, who recently underwent an operation for appendicitis at the hospital. The operation was in every way successful and Mrs. Heberling is rapidly regaining her strength.

MEMORIAL SERVICES

Held for Late Rev. Dr. J. Allison Platts in His Wilkesburg Church.

Memorial services for the late Rev. Dr. J. Allison Platts, the former Presbyterian pastor in Bellefonte, were held on Sunday last in the Second Presbyterian church of Wilkesburg, the pulpit of which he occupied at the time of his death. A special program was arranged for the occasion, the services being conducted by Rev. Dr. Charles Herron, of the Omaha Theological Seminary. The following beautiful tribute was paid to the memory of Dr. Platts:

As we assemble here today with sorrowful hearts and tear bedimmed eyes, we have forced upon us the realization of the uncertainty of life and the necessity of being prepared for the great change that awaits each of us.

No more shall we behold in moral form the cheerful, smiling face of him we had learned to love, for on last Sabbath, June 23rd, at 4:30 o'clock, our Pastor answered the call of the death angel and his immortal soul took its flight to Him who doeth all things well. We are here reminded of the immortal words of Longfellow:

"There is a reaper whose name is death,
And with his sickle keen;
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between."

And thus it was with our beloved Pastor. It would seem to our limited vision that the world needed such a man, and that to cut him off in the prime of life just when there was so much to do in God's vineyard, and he such an able and cheerful workman, that a mistake had been made. But when we remember that the Great Architect of men's lives makes no mistakes, and that out of the dark cloud of sorrow and disappointment will shine forth in its beauty a fully developed plan, such as only a master mind can conceive, we should take heart and with Christian grace and fortitude declare, "Thy will be done."

To dwell upon the virtues of our Pastor would be idle, empty words, for those who knew him will agree that the greatest eulogy on his life is summed up in these four words, "HE WAS A MAN," one of God's noble men who practiced in life the virtues and teachings of his Divine Master whom he loved and served so faithfully.

To his wife, the sharer of his joys and sorrows, his labors and his love, we turn with sympathetic hearts and bid her in the name of the Master to look up, and through the dark night of despair will shine forth the tender, loving face of our Heavenly Father and from His throne will come forth in sweet and gentle tones, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

To the children what more can we say than to admonish them to emulate the virtues of him who was to them indeed a kind and loving counsellor and guide. To honor him best, is to take Christ into your hearts, lead gently along life's rough way your mother, whom he loved and cherished, and in so doing rear a monument to his memory more noble and enduring than bronze or marble.

We who make up the membership of this church have our lessons to learn and our obligations to perform in this sad and solemn hour. This beautiful structure of which we are all so proud should and will be more sacred to us than ever before because of the hallowed memories that hover about it through the death of our beloved Pastor. Every stone speaks of his untiring energy and love. Our Pastor, though dead, speaks to us in no uncertain tones, "Be ye also ready for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh." What do these inanimate things mean to us without the power and energy of the living Christ within us? And methinks that our Pastor would instill into our hearts the rearing of that inner temple after the pattern of God's loving son of which this structure is but the outward manifestation of his presence.

We realize that it will be no easy task to fill the vacant chair, but with hearts true to God, and with the blessed memories of the past we will push onward and upward as one, until in God's good pleasure we shall join our beloved Pastor in that heavenly home where all things shall be revealed and what seemed difficult to understand will be made plain in the presence of Him who is the light of the world.

FOR THE 4th -- FOR ANY DAY IN THE YEAR

You'll find most contentment of mind in knowing your Clothes are right if you are a wearer of the Sim Clothes--Made in a manner to give the utmost service and wear. Possessing and retaining a style about them that is unequalled--They differ from the ordinary clothes--Every suit is made to our specifications--No odd lots made in a careless or slipshod manner find their way to this stock--Every suit must be made the way we demand--Certain requirements in the way of cuts as we keep several seasons in advance of other stores in the way of cuts and certain requirements of specially making to make them retain their shape and good looks--



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And yet you'll find these superior clothes no higher priced than the ordinary run of clothes in many instances less expensive--

We are showing wonderful assortments of styles and values at \$10 at \$12.50 at \$15 at \$20. Selection is unequalled--

No wonder these clothes have found such favor--Ask the man who wears one--Let us make your holiday enjoyable.

New Shirts \$50¢-\$1-\$1.50 New Neckwear 50¢ Straw Hats \$1 to \$3

Panamas \$5 & 6.50 Cool Underwear 50¢ to \$2

SIM, THE CLOTHIER

Cool, Comfortable Clothing.

Come in men, and let us outfit you handsomely for this hot weather. No reason on earth why you should swelter all summer in ordinary clothes, when for a small amount you can get one of our extra thin Summer Suits.

Tailored with utmost care and unusual style by experts. Suits that you can slip right into and feel right in, and that will do you credit anywhere.

\$12. \$15. \$18 and \$20.

MONTGOMERY & CO.